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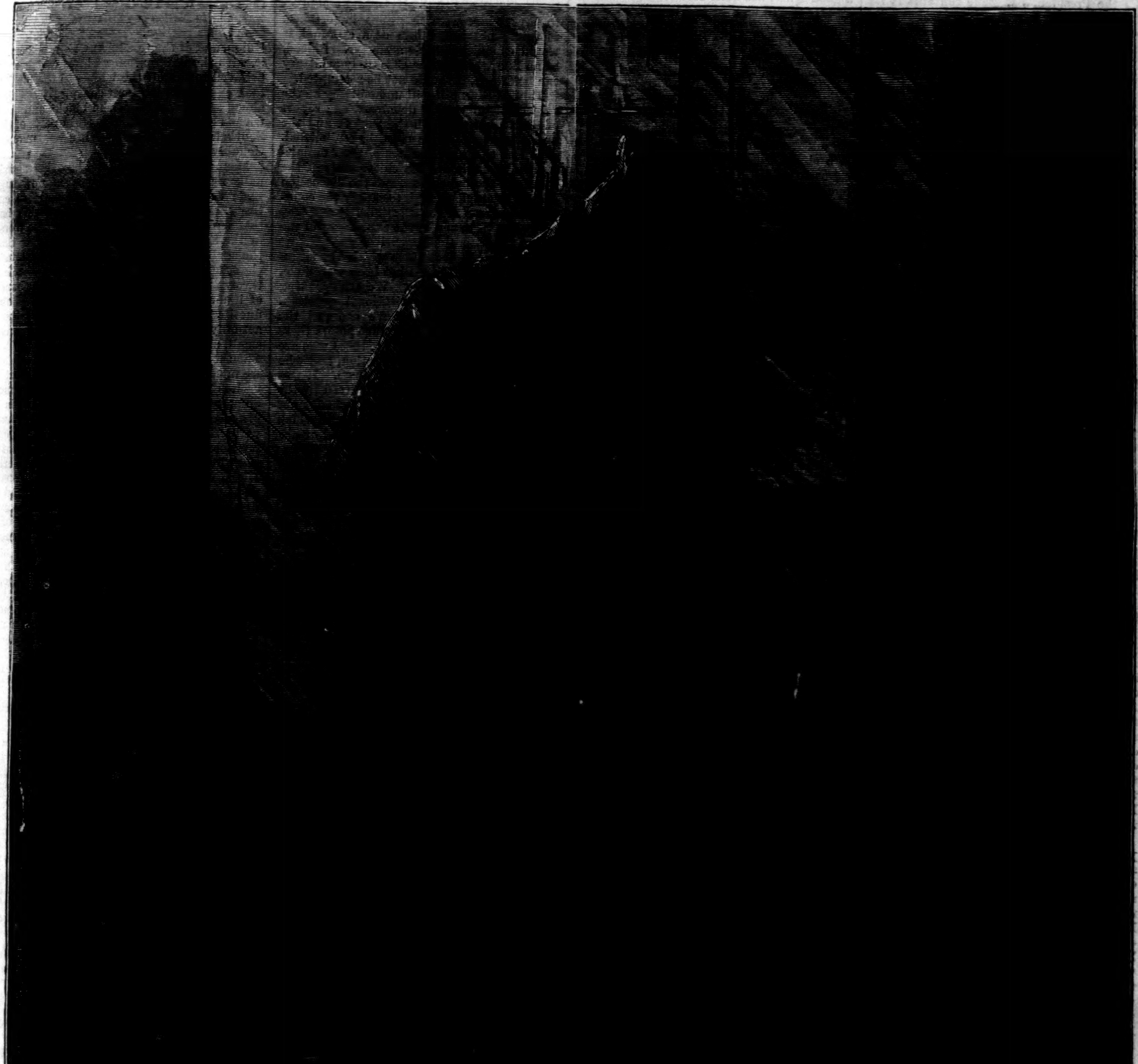

THE FOUNDLING.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 1203.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 23, 1871.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Even more agreeable than the facts which the President's Message contains is its thoroughly American tone. It speaks of the peaceful arbitration at Geneva as every honest citizen feels; and it is a soldier, taunted by party hostility as addicted to the methods of camps and armies, and who might have appealed to the traditional national jealousy of England, who quietly hopes that the result of the arbitration may be the metamorphosis of military hosts into industrial armies. The Senate-chamber, which for so long heard only specious Presidential apologies of slavery, and, more recently, sophistical Presidential pleas against equal rights, heard in this Message the recommendation that citizens of the United States be forbidden, so far as possible, from holding property in man elsewhere, and the declaration that all citizens of the United States should be protected by their government in the enjoyment of rights which the government has guaranteed.

It is in such declarations as these, and in the general humane spirit of the Message, that the profound political change in this country is seen. The old Democratic Presidential messages, which toward the end were mere special pleas for injustice and crime, seem as far removed from a message like this of General Grant as the old Washington of the slave pen is removed from the free Washington of to-day. And when it is remembered that such a message undoubtedly expresses the popular sentiment, while the party that so long perverted that sentiment is dissolving, it is impossible not to take fresh courage, and to feel that no good word and no brave deed is lost. The very plainness of the Message, like the homely phrase of Mr. Lincoln, inspires confidence. There is no mistaking the meaning, and the meaning commends itself to sympathy and approval. In a brief paragraph, for instance, the President states our position upon the Cuban question. There is no Buncombe in it. We abstain, he says, habitually from interference in the affairs of other powers, but our naval commanders are to protect the rights of American citizens, and the dignity of the flag: and all questions between Spain and the United States arising from the Cuban difficulty are to be treated in a spirit of conciliation. We shall be glad, also, to hear that there has been a warm expression of the regret with which this Government has heard of the inhuman excesses of the Volunteers.

The President's remarks upon amnesty probably surprised many persons. But the simple and direct way in which he states the case is very conclusive. When all are admitted to vote, it is foolish to exclude some from eligibility to office because they may have violated an oath, which they took because, being more esteemed than others, they held office. The others would doubtless have violated the oath had they had the opportunity. The President expresses his opinion very distinctly, and leaves the whole subject to Congress. He is equally direct in what he says of civil service reform. His aim, he says, has been to appoint honest and capable men to office. If he has sometimes failed, it is because of the evil system which has the weight of long usage upon its side. The appointing power must generally depend upon the certificates of others, and those certificates are given in the most irresponsible manner. The President truly says that if those who recommend candidates could be held to some kind of actual responsibility, it would produce much greater caution than is now observed. He accepts unreservedly the authority conferred upon him to inaugurate civil service reform, and promises a fair trial to the recommendations that may be made to him under the law. Of course what he says he means. He has not hitherto betrayed any trust confided to him, and those who have supposed that in the matter of this reform he is a wily politician trying to throw a tub to the whale, and to seem to do without doing, will be undeceived.

Upon the financial question, the reduction of taxation and the revision of the tariff, there will always be differences of opinion within the party; but the President's suggestions will undoubtedly be generally approved. The union of the telegraph and postal system is another open question which is not determined by party lines, as was shown by the debate in the House upon the reference of the subject. It involves a great many considerations besides the cost of the existing lines. The Mormon question also is one upon which honest differences must continue. That the laws against bigamy should be openly and flagrantly violated without restraint is not to be allowed. But when the question is complicated with religious feelings, the most expedient remedy becomes a subject of careful deliberation.

Upon all these points the President declares himself distinctly. There is something comical in the epithet "mysterious" when applied to a man who says so frankly what he honestly thinks. A plainer, more satisfactory, and more popular Message, in a good sense, has been seldom sent to Congress. It will be read and meditated every where in the country by all kinds of people, and we do not believe that it will diminish their respect for the President, nor their confidence in his purpose and sagacity.

CONGRESS.

The present Congress is what is called a President-making Congress—a phrase which is a sharp criticism. But this year there seems to be little need of especial thought upon that subject, since, although there is perfect liberty to differ, so far as the Republican party is concerned the President is already made. If there are Republicans who wish for amnesty, the President is of their opinion. If there are others who wish for civil service reform, he has assumed the responsibility, and will abide the result of the trial. The San Domingo question he left last year with Congress, and has not returned to it. Mere personal discontent is not bond enough for a powerful party. The present Congress, therefore, will have little to do in President-making, and may devote itself to the legislation which the country requires.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who has not been in favor of sudden or serious reductions of taxation, repeats at the opening of his report the principle of his financial administration. He states that taxation has not been oppressive to individuals, and has not diminished the business of the country. Relief from taxation is desirable, yet it is still more desirable to sustain the high position of the public credit, to enable the government to raise large loans upon favorable terms hereafter, should it be necessary. This position can be maintained only by a rapid reduction of the debt, and there must be taxation enough to provide for that reduction. This has always been the financial policy of the Secretary, and he does not propose to relinquish it now. But he says that the last few years have been so unprecedentedly prosperous that it is practicable to dispense with all revenue from internal sources except that from stamps, spirits, tobacco, and malt liquors; and that upon the basis of the estimate for the next year, and with a reservation of fifty millions of dollars for payments on account of the public debt, including the amount due on the sinking fund, there would remain the possibility of a reduction, under the foreign and domestic revenue laws, of thirty-six millions of dollars.

He recommends, therefore, an abolition of all duties upon a large class of articles which are not produced in the United States—a suggestion which the President adopts. The composition of the Committee of Ways and Means leaves it a little doubtful, however, whether the protectionist principle of this recommendation will be fully adopted. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Dawes, is in favor of a mild tariff, but the tendency of the committee seems to be toward the principle of revenue reform. Some of the advocates of that policy in the House, however, must be more happily instructed than they were last year, or their own cause will be seriously harmed. They must learn that the true principle of a revenue reform tariff is not the reduction of duties upon those foreign products which are universally used by us, but which are not produced here, such as tea, coffee, etc., because such duties are the most equable of all customs taxation. The abolition of such a tax seems, indeed, to be the lightening of popular burdens; but the ground of the revenue reformer is that a tax falling upon all equally is more tolerable than a tax which directly benefits a class. If wages are higher here than elsewhere, duties which increase prices virtually reduce wages. On the other hand, it is a fact of experience that where wages are high the condition of the laborer is prosperous.

But the friends of a positive revenue reform policy must not expect it of this Congress. There is no question that public opinion at present favors the general principle announced by the President, that reduction of duties should be made upon those articles which can best bear it without disturbing home production or reducing the wages of American labor. While the necessary revenue is so large—and there is no question of the important part that customs taxes must bear in raising it—those taxes are likely to be adjusted upon that principle. We may expect, therefore, to see the income tax abolished and the internal revenue system simplified, the duties on salt and coal diminished, and a large number of singly unimportant articles put upon the free list. But more than this can hardly be done without a reversal of the Secretary's policy.

An amnesty bill will probably be passed. The President says that Congress may think best to make certain conspicuous exceptions. But there is no ground whatever upon which they can properly be made. The argument which he strongly urges against continued ineligibility is conclusive against exceptions. Jefferson Davis is no more guilty than less noted men, and to except him would be to invest him with factitious importance. It would not brand him as a criminal, it would canonize him as a martyr. Indeed, as no line which is not absolutely arbitrary can be drawn, it should not be attempted.

The Ku-Klux bill will undoubtedly be the subject of interesting debates. The report of the committee upon the subject and the minority report will soon be submitted. This law and the measures of the Administration under it are the chief points of the attack of the opposition, and the discussion should be ample enough to satisfy the country at least of the constitutionality and wisdom of the law, and of the expediency of the action taken by the Executive.

That all has been done which the situation requires, or that it has been well done, we are far from saying. We are speaking now only of the constitutional question. That the amendments have changed the Constitution in some important points there is little doubt in the minds of those who are most familiar with their intention, and who have most carefully studied them. It was intended that the rights guaranteed by the United States to all its citizens should not be left to the pleasure of the States in which those citizens reside, to be protected or disregarded as the States might elect. It was intended that there should no longer be an excuse for the charge that the United States in enforcing its laws, could by any possibility invade a State, because the national government is always in every State, and constantly dealing directly with every citizen. The amendments were intended to dispose forever of the sophistical theory of a league of States. These are facts which should be clearly developed in the debate, for the instruction of the country, that in the campaign of 1872 the argument for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment may not be an apology, but an assertion.

Every Congress is a President-making Congress in this sense, that its conduct confirms or weakens the hold upon the country of the party that elected the Chief Magistrate.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The President says that "the condition of the Southern States is, unhappily, not such as all true patriotic citizens would like to see." It is, in fact, what such citizens sincerely dislike to see. But the problem is not so simple as some intelligent critics assume. Of course the talk of the old guard of slavery about the frightful overthrow of liberty in those States by the "ignoble incubus" and "usurper," whom they used to call with the same propriety "butcher," troubles the country very little. It sustains him by increasing majorities, wisely deeming liberty somewhat safer with those who abolished slavery than with those who strove to perpetuate it. There is a very plain logic upon this subject in the American mind; and the Democratic critics, although too dull to see it, would yet help their cause by changing their point and method of assault.

We say that the problem is not simple. When the war ended we were of those who thought the better policy was to maintain for some time the complete national supremacy in the Southern States. But another policy prevailed, and we have to deal with its results. There were three classes of persons in those States—the old slave-holding proprietors, the poor whites, and the freedmen. The first two classes had been rebels, and the last had been honestly loyal. The first class comprised the persons of property and education, the traditional political leaders; the other two classes were ignorant and poor. The state of feeling was, of course, deplorable. The old proprietors and the poor whites were morbid with hate of the Yankee, and bitterly humiliated by their defeat. The easy contempt of the first for the late slaves had changed into a feeling of aversion, and a resolution, which was not surprising, to do what was possible still to hold them as inferiors. The jealousy which the poor whites felt for a class from which they were separated only by caste became hatred when caste disappeared.

The first attempt of the proprietary class was to recover political control of their States, and to remand the freedmen to virtual slavery. This could not be allowed; and by laws of prohibition, of disfranchisement, and ineligibility on the one hand, and of equal civil and political rights upon the other, it was defeated. The operation of these laws was necessarily deplorable in many ways, but the alternative was still more deplorable. Political power was taken from the old proprietors and given to the new men; but had it remained with the old proprietors, the condition of the new men would unquestionably have been such that the United States could not have tolerated it, and would have peremptorily changed the situation. Indeed, that was really very much the course of events, the original settlement being milder than that which followed. The Ku-Klux was, as the *Nation* says, naturally developed from this situation. Hate of the victorious Union, and of the freedmen who represented it, with the indignation at laws which were believed to submit the whites to the blacks, took expression in secret conspiracies which aimed at the control of the blacks and their friends by terror; and in certain parts of the Southern States the Ku-Klux has unquestionably produced anarchy.

Meanwhile the disabilities have been gradually removed, and the President now suggests that they be made to disappear entirely. But in the degree that this has taken place the situation has become worse in the Southern States. It is alleged that the exclusion of part of the old proprietary class from political power and from office has thrown the conduct of affairs into the hands of ignorant knaves, white adventurers, and ductile blacks. But the number of those actually disfranchised has long been very small, and the explanation does not suffice. Then it is said that where knaves legislate we must expect the Ku-Klux, and that it is useless to hunt the Ku-Klux if honest men do not control the government. But is it gravely meant that the United States must patiently see its citizens harried, whipped, murdered, and terrorized in certain States until honest men are elected to office there? If the difficulty is that there are dishonest and ignorant men in the Legislature, and if disabilities are removed and there is equal suffrage, so that the ordinary chances of a free government are provided for all, must honest citizens submit to be scourged and shot upon the plea that where Legislatures are corrupt public disorders must be expected? What can any honest citizen, white or black, do except vote for honest representatives? And if he and his friends can not carry the election, are they to be murdered because they have not been successful, while the United States tranquilly remark that the principles of free government require the sacrifice?

Nothing more preposterous can be imagined. If the old proprietors and the poor whites, all disabilities being removed, can elect honest officers, we shall all rejoice; but if they can not, they really must not expect to be allowed to shoot their political opponents. We have long favored the completion of amnesty. But amnesty has been for some time practically a fact, and it will be found that the completion will not remove the trouble: it will remove only one of the excuses of the trouble. A wise government will avoid every reasonable pretense for disorder; it will do what it can to secure equal rights; and it will then take care that disorder is not tolerated.

"PASSIVE" CANDIDATES.

Last September Senator Trumbull made a speech at the Illinois State Convention, in which he ably vindicated the Republican party, and said that the alternative of the election was very simple—it was the support of all the elements of hostility to the government known as the Democratic party, or of the party which has made liberty more sure, and has secured the rights of the citizen every where in the country. It was, in fact, an eloquent and hearty plea for the Republican party against the vague assertions of its opponents. Yet the Senator's name has since been freely used in connection with the plans of a coalition against Republican success if the party should renominate General Grant. He has been supposed to be willing to serve as paw to pull the Democratic chestnuts from the fire. A statement has, however, been recently made which shows that Senator Trumbull has not changed his opinion since his Illinois speech in September. He does not, according to this statement, think it desirable that the Republicans should be defeated, and he is of opinion that the time for a dissolution of parties has not arrived. He is further reported to have said that his personal relations with the President are very friendly, and that his defeat would produce a serious reaction throughout the Southern States.

If the Senator's views are correctly reported, and, as we have said, they are in unison with those of his speech, they dispose of a great deal of the gossip in regard to the discord of the Republican party. Personal preferences of candidates there must always be, but the attempt to magnify these into an intention or even willingness of every body who can not secure the nomination of his favorite to leave the party is futile. A great journal, like the *Tribune*, in its eagerness to prevent the renomination of a President, may, indeed, involve the party in the discredit which it throws upon the head of the party; but even the *Tribune* has frankly declared that it will support the candidate. Should General Grant be that candidate, its course before the meeting of the Convention may deprive its support of all its force by the general conviction of its insincerity, but the paper will still hold a party position. If, then, so constant and open a hostility to General Grant as that of the *Tribune* will not sever the relation of that paper to the party in the event of his renomination, it is easy to calculate the real value of the difference within the party.

Certainly no Republican has differed more decidedly from the Administration, or has criticised the President more severely, than Senator Sumner. Indeed, it has been very amusing to observe how sedulously the Democratic papers, which have always foully slandered him, have for months been praising him. He, too, has been mentioned as a candidate of the Democratic coalition or passivity against the Republicans, should they renominate General Grant. But in no word or act has Mr. Sumner swerved from those high principles which have always inspired his public action, and which have earned for him the hate and the insults of the Democratic press. He has never faltered in cooperation with his party or in devotion to his country, whose truest interests he believes are promoted by that party. It is undoubtedly his conviction that there are men who should be nominated rather than the President, but he has never said, nor, as we believe, has he ever meant, that the renomination of the President should drive him from the party of whose history and fame his own name is so proud a part.

Indeed, of all the prominent Republicans who have been mentioned as possible leaders of a combination against the Republican party should it renominate General Grant, Senator Schurz is, we believe, the only one who has plainly declared that he will not support him. He said in his speech at Chicago, "I can not, I shall not, indorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it." Of course, in his position, and probably in his intention, not to support is to oppose. Should he or his friends, therefore, take part in the Convention, and withdraw if they find that they can not control it, and array themselves against the candidate, they will also have withdrawn from the party. Party relations are not dissolved without regret in many minds and bitterness in many others, but Mr. Schurz is so naturally a Republican that, in the case we contemplate, his old associates could hardly feel that they had really lost, or his new allies that they had truly gained, him.

The other gentlemen named for the leadership of the new movement, such as Mr. Charles Francis Adams and General Cox and Governor Gratz Brown, are not likely, with the exception of the latter, to accept so forlorn a hope. There would be many considerations. Not only would the controlling element be the old Democratic party, but very many Democrats, if the alternative were voting for a Republican, would vote for General Grant. Moreover, the condition of the alliance would be that minor officers in the election, such as Governors and legislators, must be conceded to the Democrats. But a Missouri victory in the country at large could hardly be desired by any who are not already Democrats. A Republican victory which ends in sending the author of the Brodhead letter to the Senate of the United States is not easily comprehended.

There are—as, unfortunately, there always must be in such cases—grave doubts whether Mr. Trumbull has ever said precisely what is attributed to him in the report of the interview. But the general observations are certainly true, and none truer than the following: "The party is not really divided. Its internal discussions merely exhibit the exercise of individual free-will, and do it good, and not harm. It will act as a body, and I think will poll a larger vote than it did in 1868, no matter what frame-work or what candidates are opposed to it."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The New York *Tribune* says:

> "What mockery to talk of civil service reform as something to be effected by device and legal amendment—by boards and regulations! One man has already the whole work completely in his power, and that man is U. S. Grant."

If Congress should pass Mr. Jenckes's bill or any other for the reform of the civil service, we see no mockery in the suggestion that the service might be reformed. And if the President alone should adopt certain rules for the purpose of reform, we can still see no harm in Congressional action to give such rules the authority of law in addition to that which they derive from the President's pleasure. Moreover, if one man, as we admit, has the whole work completely in his power, and that man is the President, he can reform the service only by regulations, since he can not make laws. Why, then, is it mockery to say that he can do the work by regulations?

If the *Tribune* means that the way to reform the civil service is to reform it, as it says that the way to resume specie payments is to resume, and that the work is done if the President will appoint none but fit persons to office, we remind it that the President can not know personally those whom he appoints, and he must, therefore, depend either upon recommendations or upon examinations. The former is the present method, and the *Tribune* knows the value of the recommendations which are presented to the President and the Secretaries. We know, for instance, that the President was once vehemently urged to appoint a man to a responsible financial position. He was personally unknown to the President, but he had cords of certificates, and he was chiefly pressed by a conspicuous gentleman in the party. But counter certificates appeared, and fatal evidence of incapacity, bad habits, and probable dishonesty. The evidence was shown to the conspicuous gentleman, and he was asked what should be done. "Appoint him! appoint him!" was his reply.

But if the President can not trust recommendations of fitness—and no President can—then there remains no other course than to ascertain it by examinations. To do this there must be some method. Now a method can be established only by regulations, and regulations must necessarily be the result of careful consideration. The President in his Message plainly says that Congress has given him power to inaugurate a civil service reform. He acknowledges, with his critics, that he is the man to do it. But no one who understands the condition of the service supposes that regulations for reform can be improvised in a morning. And it is certainly unreasonable to accuse the President of merely promising and really intending to do nothing because he takes care that what he does shall be so matured as to have a fair prospect of securing the reform which the country desires.

PERSONAL.

One of the most popular preachers of the day is the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. His sermons, which possess the rare merit to bear reading as well as hearing, are published every week in the *Methodist*, a paper distinguished alike by the scholarly ability with which it is conducted and by the uniform fairness and courtesy that mark its treatment of every question under discussion in its columns. These sermons, which form so attractive and valuable a feature in the *Methodist*, are to be published in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

—Governor Hawley, of Connecticut, who has fairly won distinction as soldier, Governor, and editor, delivered a lecture in Brooklyn a few evenings since, in which he made the astounding charge that he knew, of his own knowledge, that a gentleman who is at present a member of the United States Senate paid $75,000 for his position. He also said that seventy per cent. of the Pennsylvania Legislature was venal; that the demoralization was mainly attributable to the log-rolling of large railroad bills, and that one railroad bill passed at the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature cost $700,000. The point of Governor Hawley's statement is, Who is the $75,000 man? Coming from an ex-Governor of Connecticut, the United States Senate can scarcely avoid taking some action about it.

—An aristocratic prima-donna, the young Princess Engalitscheff, is about to make her *début* at the Italian Opera, at Moscow. Two other Russian princesses are already performing in public, one at Copenhagen and one in London. Then we have the Prince Galitzin here, and that is something.

—A lady—Mrs. Mary A. Dounmann—has just become the purchaser of the famous Bull Run battle-field. The farm is known as the Hazel Plain, in Prince William County, Virginia. It contains 550 acres, and was sold at $8 per acre. On it were fought the first and second battles of Manassas. When the war commenced it was under a high state of improvement, and the dwelling-house upon it was one of the finest in the State; but the scourge devastated it, and the open fields and young pines and shattered mansion all now bear evidence of the bloody conflicts of which it was the scene.

—Dean Howson, of England, has been telling the Episcopalians of New York something about the movement in England for the revision of the Bible. There was no exclusive feeling in Great Britain in relation to who should act in the matter of revision, all sects and denominations being invited to participate in the work; and there was a great desire felt that the religious bodies in the United States should cordially join in the movement.

—To impute any thing like "irregularity" to a high official of Austria would be as absurd as to impute any thing of the sort to an official of New York. Yet Count Von Beust has been unable to escape censure in that direction. It is reported that he was in some way connected with a banking concern that failed, and in the settlement and winding up of which he pocketed some 100,000 florins. His correspondence relating to it was privately shown to the emperor, who thought the count used his position to speculate in stocks, and for that reason the emperor asked him to resign. As an easy way of letting him down, he has been appointed embassador to England. A Vienna paper gives this sketch of the count: "His manners were polished and elegant as his notes and prepared speeches. He never forgot his dignity; but with all his polish and elegance, there was a magic charm about his manner which, it is said, even impressed his enemies. The incisive logic of his notes is replaced in private life by an almost unbounded amiability, the warmest devotion for his friends, and the most conciliatory spirit toward his opponents. Although overwhelmed with work, he had a word of advice, of comfort, or of assistance for every one. He took a personal interest in all the employés of his office, and often prepared for them surprises in the way of promotion or other distinctions. But he made them work as hard as himself; and it has been justly said that he united the industry of a bee with the patience of a beaver. He scarcely ever dictated an important dispatch but at night. He was very difficult to please, but he had the art of conciliating those whom he offended by his objections."

—Lord Napier, favorably known as British minister at Washington during a part of Mr. Buchanan's administration, subsequently as the representative of his government in the Netherlands, Russia, and Prussia, and later as Governor of Madras, is mentioned as likely to succeed Earl Mayo as Viceroy of India in 1873. The office has a salary of $125,000 a year, with palatial residences in Calcutta and princely country-seats. Other emoluments swell the income to $125,000 a year more, and the office is tenable for five or six years. He is only fifty-three years old, and is concededly one of the ablest men in the diplomatic corps of his country.

—Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, member of Congress from the Westchester district of New York, has introduced into the House of Representatives a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to fix the term of office of the President and Vice-President of the United States at six years, and make them ineligible for re-election. Few new members of the House have come so promptly to the front, as floor members and efficient business members, as Mr. Potter. His readiness, tact, and ability as a debater, his reputation at the bar, and his high social position have secured for him the influence and success which such qualities should secure in the great representative council of the nation.

—The name of the Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, has now more than usual prominence, from the fact that the Legislature of Ohio, to assemble in January next, will fill the vacancy that will occur on the 4th of March, 1873, when Mr. Sherman's term will expire. It seems to be conceded that Mr. Sherman will be re-elected, all efforts for combination against him having failed. Although only forty-eight years of age, Senator Sherman has been continuously in public life for the last seventeen years. In 1854 he was elected to Congress, re-elected in 1856, again re-elected in 1858, when he was a candidate for Speaker, and, after a prolonged contest, was defeated by only one or two votes. During that Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1860 he was again returned to Congress; but in 1861, on the resignation of Senator Chase, was chosen United States Senator for the term expiring in 1867. In January, 1866, he was re-elected to the Senate for the full term of six years, commencing in 1867. He has served as chairman of the committees on Finance and Agriculture, and on the committees on Patents and the Pacific Railroad. As a debater, parliamentarian, and practical man in committees he is one of the most indefatigable and able men in the Senate. He is a brother of the distinguished General-in-chief of the army.

—When oil was first "struck," on the 26th of August, 1859, few people imagined the vast wealth it was to bring to the country, and the millionaires it was to make. One of the notablest of these, James Tarr, died a few days ago at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The history of the "Tarr Farm," as oil producing, dates from June, 1861. It embraces 198 acres. In August, 1861, Mr. Tarr sold half of it for $20,000 to Clark & Sumner, of New York. They sold one-third of their interest to some Rochester people for $35,000; but the rapid decline in the price of oil made them regret their purchase, and they resold to C. & S. for the price they gave. New wells were continually developed, and Mr. Tarr accumulated a great fortune. In the fall of 1865, when gold was worth $2 50, he was offered $800,000 gold for the fee simple of the farm—equivalent to $2,000,000. He refused it. Oil is still a success as a steady business in the oil region. We know one gentleman whose income from that source is about $1000 per day.

—Mr. Speaker Blaine has organized his committees, and, on the whole, satisfactorily. New York has a fair share and some important chairmanships. But Mr. Speaker Blaine, do what he will, can never get his House at work betimes, as was done in the British House of Commons two centuries and a half ago. Among other standing orders, printed May 17, 1614, was this: "Ordered, That this House shall sit every day at seven o'clock in the morning, and enter into the great business at eight, and no new motion to be made after twelve. Ordered, That so soon as the clock strikes twelve Mr. Speaker do go out of the chair, and the House shall rise; and that, in going forth, no member shall stir until Mr. Speaker do go before, and then all the rest shall follow. Whosoever shall go out of the House before Mr. Speaker shall forfeit 10s.; but the reporters may go first." In 1693 it was "Ordered, That no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting at committees."

—George Odger, one of the chief agitators in England for republican institutions, stated in a speech recently delivered at Bristol that, while wishing a republic, there was no member of the royal family whom he disliked. What he and those who thought with him were anxious should take place was, that when the throne next became vacant they should have a vote as to who should rule. One thing is certain, there are nearly one hundred republican leagues already formed in England, and the organization is daily extending and becoming more formidable.

—It is understood that the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers at this port—consuls and such—being among the "soreheads," as that expressive Americanism puts it, on account of the snubbing they have constantly received at the hands of the Reception Committee during the royal progress of the eminent G. Duke in this city, propose to go into print and express their views and griefs to this people. They "want to know, you know," what was meant by such conducts as those. It *was* a fine, airy old Committee, our New York Committee, composed, with three exceptions, of lawyer, merchant, banker, and public functionary. An editor or two were thrown in; but, as Mr. R. Van Winkle says, "they didn't count," for they did nothing. Boston did much better. Her notable men in literature, science, art, politics, commerce, manufactures, all took hearty and handsome part in the what-you-call-'ems, and did the thing up with a good taste and dash that entitles them to the palm. The moment the Boston Committee took snuff with the Grand Duke the rest of the entire population sneezed. And that was polite.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* writes as follows of the fate of a man whom Americans are especially bound to honor and respect:

> "Sad, very sad for some of us, whose memory goes so far back as to the time when we (even we Americans) were glad for a word of comfort, or swift aid, from the foreigner—sad, I say, to such of us, bitterly so to your correspondent, is the cruel condemnation to deportation of our country's friend, Elisee Reclus. In the early days of April, when nine-tenths of all the population of Paris was, if not favorable to the new-born, well-promising Commune, unfavorable to the questionably authorized Versailles government, Elisee Reclus went out with thousands of other Frenchmen to fight for the Commune as representative of Frenchmen's want, against the Versailles government, representing, to him and his kind, negation of French name and progress. There is no question here of the logic of his reasoning, or of the wisdom of his action. The fact is, that he went as a simple soldier, was taken on the 5th of April, and finds now that the best that a so-called court-martial tribunal can do for him is to condemn him to transportation for life. M. Elisee Reclus was one of the eminently ablest defenders of the Union cause in the French press in those dark days from 1862 to 1864, when we, even we, were glad to hear friendly voices, though speaking in foreign tongues."

Elisee Reclus is not only a brave soldier, but one of the most distinguished *savants* of France. His important and interesting work on the Earth, just published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most valuable recent contributions to physical science.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress met December 4. The President's Message was read in both Houses. It is a plain, business-like document, and gives a succinct account of our foreign relations and domestic affairs. Its principal points are discussed in other columns of this paper. The business of the week ending December 9 was generally unimportant and preliminary to the work of the session. A resolution was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Blair (Democrat, Missouri) calling upon the President for information as to what law or authority there was for the declaration of martial law in South Carolina. A similar resolution was presented in the House of Representatives by Mr. Beck (Democrat, Kentucky).

In the House of Representatives the question of the Congressional apportionment, which has been under consideration for two years past, was again brought up, the subject of discussion being a bill introduced in the House last session fixing the representation at 280 members. The matter is one upon which there is great difference of opinion among the representatives from different sections of the country, and it is likely to lead to prolonged debate.

The President's Message was well received in England. The London *Times*, however, regrets the threatened abolition of the income tax without the adoption of a substitute. It thinks that finance, taxation, and free trade will be the questions upon which the great parties of the Union will next divide.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury states that the customs revenue was greatly in excess of the estimates, while there was a diminished cost of collection over last year. The total expenditures for the year were $292,177,188 25, while the receipts from all sources for the same period were $383,323,944 89. The Secretary adheres to his opinion that the national debt should be paid off at the yearly rate of $50,000,000. He recommends the reduction of the duties on certain articles, especially salt, raw hides, and coal. He also recommends the abolishment of the shares in moieties received by certain officers, such, for instance, as the Collector of the Port of New York.

The Postmaster-General's report is full of departmental statistics and recommendations of proposed reforms. Among his propositions are that of an additional mail to Brazil, the payment of subsidies to steamship lines, and the adoption of the governmental postal telegraph and savings-bank systems.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior deals at some length with our Indian relations, Mr. Delano finally recommending that all the tribes in the country be collected into one monster reservation in the Indian Territory. The report also discusses at some length our railroads and the grants which they have received from Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

All the occupied portions of French territory have been declared in a state of siege by the Prussians, owing to the continued assaults upon the German troops.

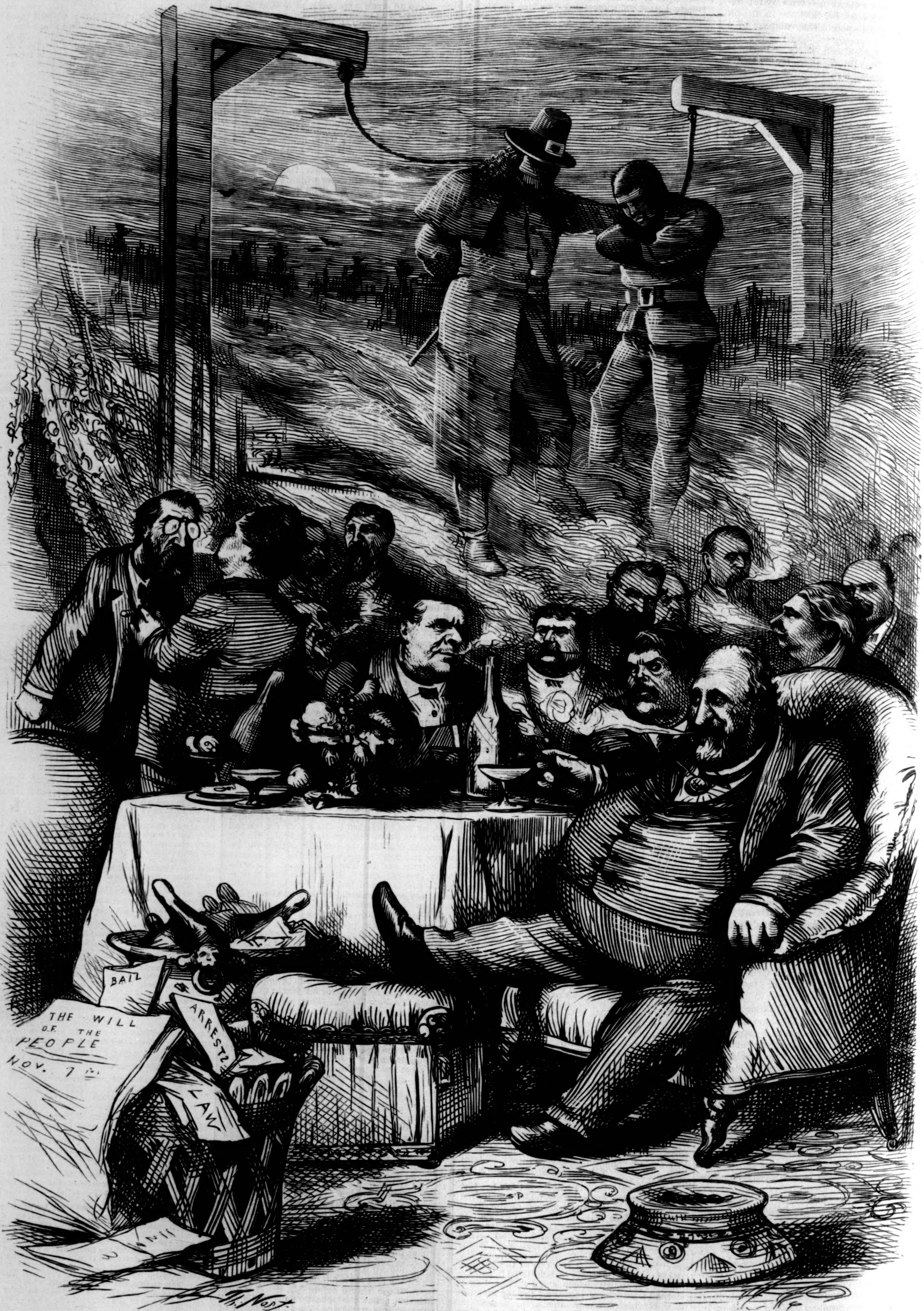
Great Britain has completed the annexation of the South African diamond fields. There have been some splendid "finds" at the fields lately. Great loss of life and property has resulted from storms in the district.

The French fleet has been ordered to be made ready for cruising about the coasts of France, in order to prevent, as the *Figaro* supposes, "another return from Elba."

General Cluseret, the Communist leader, was not killed at Paris, as reported. He escaped, and a few days ago passed through this city on his way to Mexico, where he intends to join the Juarez forces.

As in the case of the brave and unfortunate General Rossel, the appeals of the Communists who have been condemned to death, on scanty and insufficient evidence, for the murder of Generals Thomas and Lecompte, have been rejected, and President Thiers is not likely to interfere on their behalf.

The Orleans princes have consented to defer their claims to seats in the National Assembly. President Thiers is said to be unable to withstand the powers opposed to him, and is believed to have privately agreed to relinquish his office in favor of the Duc d'Aumale.


BAIL
ARREST?
THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE NOV. 7th
LAW
Th. Nast

THE DEAD BEAT.

The Ghost of Dick Turpin to Jack Sheppard. "There's no use talking. To them belongs the Palm. They have completely outdone us."

ONCE.

Once, in your sight,
As May buds swell in the sun's warm light,
So grew her soul,
Yielding itself to your sweet control.

Once, if you spoke,
Echoing strains in her heart awoke,
Sending a thrill
All through its chambers sweet and still.

Once, if you said,
"Sweet, with love's garland I crown your head,"
Ah, how the rose
Flooded her forehead's pale repose!

Once, if your lip
Dared the pure sweetness of hers to sip,
Softly and meek
Dark lashes drooped on a white-rose cheek.

Once, if your name
Some one but whispered, a sudden flame
Burned on her cheek,
Telling a story she would not speak.

Once—ah, I sin,
Raising the ghost of what once has been!
Yet list, I pray,
To one plain truth that I speak to-day.

You do but wait
At a sepulchre's sealéd gate;
Her love is dead,
Bound hand and foot in its narrow bed.

Why did it die?
Ask of your soul the reason why;
Question it well,
And surely the secret it will tell.

But if your heart
Ever again plays the lover's part,
Let this truth be
Blent with the solemn mystery.

Pure flame aspires;
Downward flow not the altar fires;
And sky-larks soar
Up where the earth mists vex no more.

Now loose your hold
From her white garment's spotless fold,
And let her pass,
While both hearts murmur, "Alas! alas!"

HUNTER'S POINT.—COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

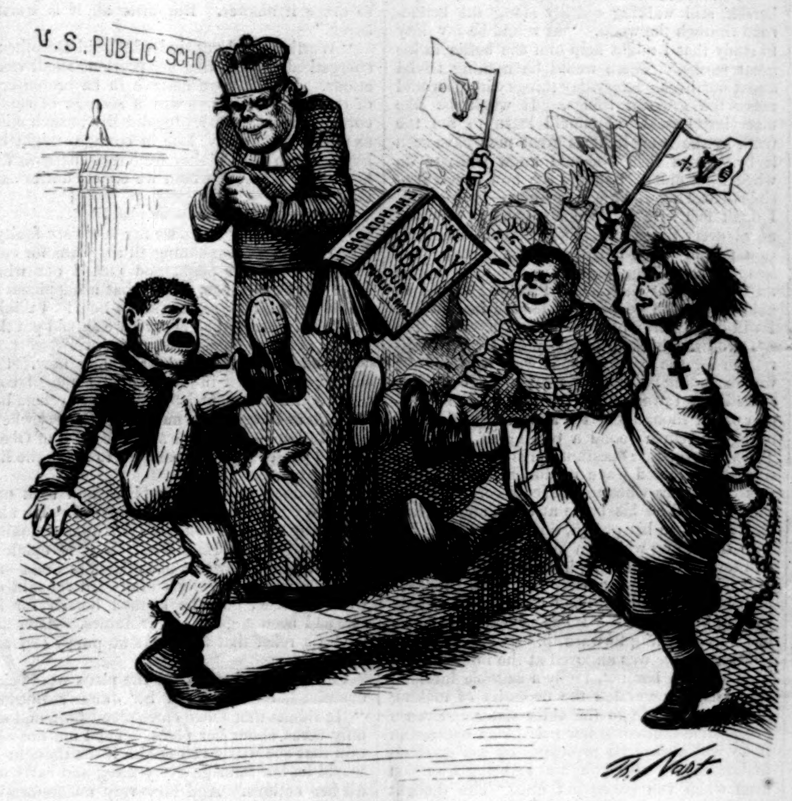
By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A teacher, directed by the law to read a portion of the Scriptures in his school, endeavors to perform his duty. The children of Romish parents, instructed by their elders, interrupt the exercise; the teacher still persists, and punishes one of the offenders. He is assailed by half-grown boys; denounced, it is stated, by the Romish priest; the keys of his school-house are taken from him by one of the trustees; the school-house is temporarily closed; the life of the brave teacher is threatened and in danger; and the peaceful citizens of a quiet town are overawed by the violence of the Romish faction.

Such is the recent affray at Hunter's Point. It would scarcely seem of any general importance did it not form part of a long series of acts of violence occurring in various portions of our own country and Europe, and proceeding always from that lawless and brutal population that seems to grow up necessarily under the shelter of the Romish Church; that threatens every where the peace of society, and forms a ready instrument of evil in the hands of the revengeful and the unscrupulous. No other religious sect among us offers such remarkable examples of fanatical cruelty; no other political faction, except, perhaps, in the Carolinas, commits such fearful deeds. Does an ardent missionary, as at Scranton or Ogdensburg, venture to declaim against the worship of Mary or the supremacy of the pope, he is beaten, maimed, and silenced. If an escaped nun attempts to relate her story, she is only saved from serious injuries or death by the zeal of her friends. Two innocent Bible distributors were recently the victims of infuriated Catholics. An eminent clergyman essayed to paint the moral and political dangers of Romanism; he was at once assailed with anonymous letters threatening assassination. If an author labors to revive historical scenes that do little credit to the humanity of the Papal Church, he must incur the risk of personal danger; the zealous publisher who dares to issue works that offend the Catholic taste becomes the mark for furious threats of terrible retribution; and there is plainly one subject among us upon which neither the press nor speech is free. The final outrage at Hunter's Point seems to show that even the public schools are no longer safe from not dissimilar dangers.

At Los Angeles the frightful massacre of helpless Chinese was the result of the fanatical cruelty of Irish and Mexican Catholics. The Germans and the Americans, we are expressly told, took no part in the bloody affray. An accomplished and intelligent colored man was recently butchered in Philadelphia, and his unoffending brethren have been the constant victims of brutal malignity.

The catalogue of startling but instructive facts might easily be enlarged. A portion of our Roman Catholic citizens have been accustomed for many years to defy the law in the name of religion. They have become the terror of the peaceable and the well-disposed. Crimes against the government and good order, which in every European community would have been suppressed with unsparing vigor, have been tolerated among us by officials elected by Romish votes. It is scarcely eight years ago that, in the midst of the great public danger, this corrupt and vicious population, not content with embarrassing the progress of the national armies by a political sympathy with the rebellion, openly rose in revolt, and for three days held possession of the city of New York. Every succeeding year has been marked by some new trace of strange malignity. In the Orange riot of 1870 women and children were assailed with volleys of stones and deadly missiles, and a harmless entertainment turned into a scene of bloodshed and death. In the Orange riot of 1871, conscious, perhaps, of their power over the guilty officials, of the fatal secrets that held them in the grasp of the priesthood, the Romish faction prepared again to take possession of New York, and rose in arms to dispute the authority of the law. Men were robbed by bands of thieves on Broadway, and wherever the Hibernians appeared shops were closed, and the prudent kept within-doors.



"DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT."

What the Irish Roman Catholic Children will be Told to do Next.
"Kick it out *Peaceably!*"

The rioters were repressed with signal severity. Yet, if our city is ever to be set free from these constantly recurring disorders—if a population as dangerous and as lawless as that of Paris is to be checked in its growth among us—the remedy will plainly never come from the Romish priests or the Catholic press. The former from their pulpits denounce the progress of free education; the latter incite their readers to new acts of rebellion, and defend the crimes against the public peace. And the question is now widely discussed in Europe and America whether cruelty is not taught or necessarily infused in the doctrines of the Romish Church; whether the triumph of the Jesuits has not condemned the great body of its adherents to become the blind instruments of a persecuting creed. It is certain that the canon of the recent council covers with anathemas all those who refuse to confess that the pope has the right to punish the heretic; nor can it be doubted that such inhuman teaching must fill with savage aspirations the ignorant and fanatical—must arouse the worst instincts of man.

To remove this dangerous class from our midst has now become the province of the legislator. It is no longer a question of sect or creed, even of party or of politics; the welfare of the community requires that some means be provided for preventing the constant return of Orange riots and Catholic mobs, of murderous assaults upon teachers in the discharge of their duty, and of ceaseless danger to the property and lives of honest men. We believe that many intelligent Catholics, no less than the Protestants, have felt a sincere indignation beneath the indiscreet rule of their priests, were shocked to discover that they had been blindly led into the support of men such as those who have recently plundered the city, and have never approved of the threats of violence with which every project of reform has been met and every reformer assailed. Yet it will demand many years of penitence and of patriotic self-denial before the Romish Church can ever relieve itself of the shame of having become the patron and the ally of the dangerous classes of our city and country, of having shut out from them the humanizing influence of the public school, of filling our jails and almshouses with its ignorant members, of inflicting sharp wounds upon the nation in the midst of its fierce struggle for life, or of robbing New York of its good name among cities, its honor as well as its money; and upon this path of penitence no member of the Romish priesthood seems yet disposed to enter. In fact, the last outrage seems to indicate designs against liberty more fatal than any they have yet suffered to appear. Happily the Catholic people of Europe, possibly of America, are no longer guided in their civil conduct by their priests.

For many of our political evils an effective remedy lies in compulsory education. To oblige every parent to send his children to school has been found, in various European states, the surest mode of dissipating the dangerous classes. Crime, riots, disorders, disappear before this simple appliance. And no system of education is any where successful without the compulsory provision. Northern Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, and Holland, where it is difficult to find a person that can neither read nor write, and where even the poorest classes are singularly averse to crime, lead the nations in the perfection of their systems of instruction, and compel every child to go to school. The public schools of France have failed to reach the people, because this clause is not, or was not, a part of its system. England has recently borrowed it from Germany; France follows its example; and we may trust that our own country will not linger behind the European nations in its ardor for knowledge. Let every State, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, introduce the compulsory method of education, and we shall soon discover a rapid acceleration even in our already wonderful prosperity. But, above all, the compulsory system is necessary to preserve our crowded cities from decay. The ignorance and turbulence of its poorer classes, composed chiefly of the unlucky Irish, who are excluded from the public schools by the arts of the priest, have brought pecuniary loss to the city of New York estimated by thoughtful men at amounts that seem incredible. Commerce has been driven from our harbor, population has been checked, posterity burdened with a great debt, public morals fatally injured, because the children of the poor, and sometimes of the wealthy, have been left in ignorance, or educated to obey only the commands of a foreign church.

Had those ignorant parents who excited their children to riot and disorder at Hunter's Point been early taught a proper knowledge of their duties as men and citizens, they would scarcely have encouraged acts of violence which they would then have known would only end in an exemplary punishment, as well as the public shame of the religious body to which they belong. It is because they are ignorant that they are barbarous. Nor would the savage mob that assailed a zealous anti-papist at Scranton, or the rioters of Ogdensburg, or the miscreants of Los Angeles have planned their guilty deeds had they early learned at the common schools humanity and common-sense. But for the bold and self-sacrificing conduct of Mr. Sieberg, the teacher, and for which he deserves the promotion and the credit due to a faithful public servant, one important lesson would never have been taught at Hunter's Point. That is obedience to the laws. We trust that this foundation of all republican education will now be laid in a general punishment of all his assailants, and that it be made plain for the future that the ignorant, the cruel, or the vicious are no longer to be tolerated in a free community.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER III.

> "Say, goddess, what ensued, when Raphaël,
> The affable archangel....
> Eve
> The story heard attentive, and was filled
> With admiration and deep muse, to hear
> Of things so high and strange."
> —*Paradise Lost*, B. vii.

If it had really occurred to Mr. Casaubon to think of Miss Brooke as a suitable wife for him, the reasons that might induce her to accept him were already planted in her mind, and by the evening of the next day the reasons had budded and bloomed. For they had had a long conversation in the morning, while Celia, who did not like the company of Mr. Casaubon's moles and sallowness, had escaped to the vicarage to play with the curate's ill-shod but merry children.

Dorothea by this time had looked deep into the ungauged reservoir of Mr. Casaubon's mind, seeing reflected there in vague labyrinthine extension every quality she herself brought; had opened much of her own experience to him, and had understood from him the scope of his great work, also of attractively labyrinthine extent. For he had been as instructive as Milton's "affable archangel;" and with something of the archangelic manner he told her how he had undertaken to show (what, indeed, had been attempted before, but not with that thoroughness, justice of comparison, and effectiveness of arrangement at which Mr. Casaubon aimed) that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed. Having once mastered the true position, and taken a firm footing there, the vast field of mythical constructions became intelligible, nay, luminous with the reflected light of correspondences. But to gather in this great harvest of truth was no light or speedy work. His notes already made a formidable range of volumes, but the crowning task would be to condense these voluminous, still-accumulating results, and bring them, like the earlier vintage of Hippocratic books, to fit a little shelf. In explaining this to Dorothea, Mr. Casaubon expressed himself nearly as he would have done to a fellow-student, for he had not two styles of talking at command: it is true that when he used a Greek or Latin phrase he always gave the English with scrupulous care, but he would probably have done this in any case. A learned provincial clergyman is accustomed to think of his acquaintances as of "lords, knyghtes, and other noble and worthi men, that conne Latyn but lytille."

Dorothea was altogether captivated by the wide embrace of this conception. Here was something beyond the shallows of ladies'-school literature: here was a living Bossuet, whose work would reconcile complete knowledge with devoted piety; here was a modern Augustine, who united the glories of doctor and saint.

The sanctity seemed no less clearly marked than the learning, for when Dorothea was impelled to open her mind on certain themes which she could speak of to no one whom she had before seen at Tipton, especially on the secondary importance of ecclesiastical forms and articles of belief compared with that spiritual religion, that submergence of self in communion with Divine perfection which seemed to her to be expressed in the best Christian books of widely distant ages, she found in Mr. Casaubon a listener who understood her at once, who could assure her of his own agreement with that view when duly tempered with wise conformity, and could mention historical examples before unknown to her.

"He thinks with me," said Dorothea to herself; "or, rather, he thinks a whole world of which my thought is but a poor twopenny mirror. And his feelings too, his whole experience—what a lake compared to my little pool!"

Miss Brooke argued from words and dispositions not less unhesitatingly than other young ladies of her age. Signs are small, measurable things, but interpretations are illimitable, and in girls of sweet, ardent nature, every sign is apt to conjure up wonder, hope, belief, vast as a sky, and colored by a diffused thimbleful of matter in the shape of knowledge. They are not always too grossly deceived; for Sindbad himself may have fallen by good luck on a true description, and wrong reasoning sometimes lands poor mortals in right conclusions: starting a long way off the true point, and proceeding by loops and zigzags, we now and then arrive just where we ought to be. Because Miss Brooke was hasty in her trust, it is not therefore clear that Mr. Casaubon was unworthy of it.

He staid a little longer than he had intended, on a slight pressure of invitation from Mr. Brooke, who offered no bait except his own documents on machine-breaking and rick-burning. Mr. Casaubon was called into the library to look at these in a heap, while his host picked up first one and then the other to read aloud from in a skipping and uncertain way, passing from one unfinished passage to another with a "Yes, now, but here!" and finally pushing them all aside to open the journal of his youthful Continental travels.

"Look here—here is all about Greece. Rhamnus, the ruins of Rhamnus—you are a great Grecian, now. I don't know whether you have given much study to the topography. I spent no end of time in making out these things—Helicon, now. Here, now!—'We started the next morning for Parnassus, the double-peaked Parnassus.' All this volume is about Greece, you know," Mr. Brooke wound up, rubbing his thumb transversely along the edges of the leaves as he held the book forward.

Mr. Casaubon made a dignified though somewhat sad audience; bowed in the right place, and avoided looking at any thing documentary as far as possible without showing disregard or impatience; mindful that this desultoriness was associated with the institutions of the country, and that the man who took him on this severe mental scamper was not only an amiable host, but a land-holder and *custos rotulorum.* Was his endurance aided also by the reflection that Mr. Brooke was the uncle of Dorothea?

Certainly he seemed more and more bent on making her talk to him, on drawing her out, as Celia remarked to herself; and in looking at her his face was often lit up by a smile like pale, wintry sunshine. Before he left the next morning, while taking a pleasant walk with Miss Brooke along the graveled terrace, he had mentioned to her that he felt the disadvantage of loneliness, the need of that cheerful companionship with which the presence of youth can lighten or vary the serious toils of maturity. And he delivered this statement with as much careful precision as if he had been a diplomatic envoy whose words would be attended with results. Indeed, Mr. Casaubon was not used to expect that he should have to repeat or revise his communications of a practical or personal kind. The inclinations which he had deliberately stated on the 2d of October, he would think it enough to refer to by the mention of that date, judging by the standard of his own memory, which was a volume where a *vide supra* could serve instead of repetitions, and not the ordinary long-used blotting-book which only tells of forgotten writing. But in this case Mr. Casaubon's confidence was not likely to be falsified, for Dorothea heard and retained what he said with the eager interest of a fresh young nature to which every variety in experience is an epoch.

It was three o'clock in the beautiful breezy autumn day when Mr. Casaubon drove off to his rectory, at Lowick, only five miles from Tipton; and Dorothea, who had on her bonnet and shawl, hurried along the shrubbery and across the park, that she might wander through the bordering wood with no other visible companionship than that of Monk, the Great St. Bernard dog, who always took care of the young ladies in their walks. There had risen before her the girl's vision of a possible future for herself to which she looked forward with trembling hope, and she wanted to wander on in that visionary future without interruption. She walked briskly in the brisk air, the color rose in her cheeks, and her straw bonnet (which our contemporaries might look at with conjectural curiosity as at an obsolete form of basket) fell a little backward. She would, perhaps, be hardly characterized enough if it were omitted that she wore her brown hair flatly braided, and coiled behind so as to expose the outline of her head in a daring manner at a time when public feeling required the meagreness of nature to be dissimulated by tall barricades of frizzed curls and bows, never surpassed by any great race except the Feejeean. This was a trait of Miss Brooke's asceticism. But there was nothing of an ascetic's expression in her bright, full eyes as she looked before her, not consciously seeing, but absorbing into the intensity of her mood the solemn glory of the afternoon, with its long swathes of light between the far-off rows of limes, whose shadows touched each other.

All people, young or old (that is, all people in those ante-reform times), would have thought her an interesting object if they had referred the glow in her eyes and cheeks to the newly awakened ordinary images of young love: the illusions of Chloe about Strephon have been sufficiently consecrated in poetry, as the pathetic loveliness of all spontaneous trust ought to be. Miss Pippin adoring young Pumpkin, and dreaming along endless vistas of unwearying companionship, was a little drama which never tired our fathers and mothers, and had been put into all costumes. Let but Pumpkin have a figure which would sustain the disadvantages of the short-waisted swallow-tail, and every body felt it not only natural, but necessary to the perfection of womanhood, that a sweet girl should be at once convinced of his virtue, his exceptional ability, and, above all, his perfect sincerity. But perhaps no persons then living—certainly none in the neighborhood of Tipton—would have had a sympathetic understanding for the dreams of a girl whose notions about marriage took their color entirely from an exalted enthusiasm about the ends of life, an enthusiasm which was lit chiefly by its own fire, and included neither the niceties of the *trousseau*, the pattern of plate, nor even the honors and sweet joys of the blooming matron.

It had now entered Dorothea's mind that Mr. Casaubon might wish to make her his wife, and the idea that he would do so touched her with a sort of reverential gratitude. How good of him—nay, it would be almost as if a winged messenger had suddenly stood beside her path, and held out his hand toward her! For a long while she had been oppressed by the indefiniteness which hung in her mind, like a thick summer haze, over all her desire to make her life greatly effective. What could she do, what ought she to do?—she, hardly more than a budding woman, but yet with an active conscience and a great mental need, not to be satisfied by a girlish instruction comparable to the nibblings and judgments of a discursive mouse. With some endowment of stupidity and conceit, she might have thought that a Christian young lady of fortune should find her ideal of life in village charities, patronage of the humbler clergy, the perusal of "Female Scripture Characters," unfolding the private experience of Sara under the Old Dispensation, and Dorcas under the New, and the care of her soul over her embroidery in her own boudoir—with a background of prospective marriage to a man who, if less strict than herself, as being involved in affairs religiously inexplicable, might be prayed for and seasonably exhorted. From such contentment poor Dorothea was shut out. The intensity of her religious disposition, the coercion it exercised over her life, was but one aspect of a nature altogether ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent: and with such a nature, struggling in the bands of a narrow teaching, hemmed in by a social life which seemed nothing but a labyrinth of petty courses, a walled-in maze of small paths that led no whither, the outcome was sure to strike others as at once exaggeration and inconsistency. The thing which seemed to her best she wanted to justify by the completest knowledge, and not to live in a pretended admission of rules which were never acted on. Into this soul-hunger as yet all her youthful passion was poured, the union which attracted her was one that would deliver her from her girlish subjection to her own ignorance, and give her the freedom of voluntary submission to a guide who would take her along the grandest path.

"I should learn every thing then," she said to herself, still walking quickly along the bridle-road through the wood. "It would be my duty to study that I might help him the better in his great works. There would be nothing trivial about our lives. Every-day things with us would mean the greatest things. It would be like marrying Pascal. I should learn to see the truth by the same light as great men have seen it by. And then I should know what to do when I got older. I should see how it was possible to lead a grand life here—now—in England. I don't feel sure about doing good in any way now; every thing seems like going on a mission to a people whose language I don't know: unless it were building good cottages—there can be no doubt about that. Oh, I hope I should be able to get the people well housed in Lowick! I will draw plenty of plans while I have time."

Dorothea checked herself suddenly with self-rebuke for the presumptuous way in which she was reckoning on uncertain events, but she was spared any inward effort to change the direction of her thoughts by the appearance of a cantering horseman round a turning of the road. The well-groomed chestnut horse and two beautiful setters could leave no doubt that the rider was Sir James Chettam. He discerned Dorothea, jumped off his horse at once, and, having delivered it to his groom, advanced toward her with something white on his arm, at which the two setters were barking in an excited manner.

"How delightful to meet you, Miss Brooke," he said, raising his hat and showing his sleekly waving blonde hair. "It has hastened the pleasure I was looking forward to."

Miss Brooke was annoyed at the interruption. This amiable baronet, really a suitable husband for Celia, exaggerated the necessity of making himself agreeable to the elder sister. Even a prospective brother-in-law may be an oppression if he will always be presupposing too good an understanding with you, and agreeing with you even when you contradict him. The thought that he had made the mistake of paying his addresses to herself could not take shape: all her mental activity was used up in persuasions of another kind. But he was positively obtrusive at this moment, and his dimpled hands were quite disagreeable. Her roused temper made her color deeply, as she returned his greeting with some haughtiness.

Sir James interpreted the heightened color in the way most gratifying to himself, and thought he never saw Miss Brooke looking so handsome.

"I have brought a little petitioner," he said, "or, rather, I have brought him to see if he will be approved before his petition is offered." He showed the white object under his arm, which was a tiny Maltese puppy, one of nature's most naïve toys.

"It is painful to me to see these creatures that are bred merely as pets," said Dorothea, whose opinion was forming itself that very moment (as opinions will) under the heat of irritation.

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, as they walked forward.

"I believe all the petting that is given them does not make them happy. They are too helpless, their lives are too frail. A weasel or a mouse that gets its own living is more interesting. I like to think that the animals about us have souls something like our own, and either carry on their own little affairs, or can be companions to us, like Monk here. Those creatures are parasitic."

"I am so glad I know that you do not like them," said good Sir James. "I should never keep them for myself, but ladies usually are fond of these Maltese dogs. Here, John, take this dog, will you?"

The objectionable puppy, whose nose and eyes were equally black and expressive, was thus got rid of, since Miss Brooke decided that it had better not have been born. But she felt it necessary to explain.

"You must not judge of Celia's feeling from mine. I think she likes these small pets. She had a tiny terrier once, which she was very fond of. It made me unhappy, because I was afraid of treading on it. I am rather short-sighted."

"You have your own opinion about every thing, Miss Brooke, and it is always a good opinion."

What answer was possible to such stupid complimenting?

"Do you know, I envy you that," Sir James said, as they continued walking at the rather brisk pace set by Dorothea.

"I don't quite understand what you mean."

"Your power of forming an opinion. I can form an opinion of persons. I know when I like people. But about other matters, do you know, I have often a difficulty in deciding. One hears very sensible things said on opposite sides."

"Or that seem sensible. Perhaps we don't always discriminate between sense and nonsense."

Dorothea felt that she was rather rude.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "But you seem to have the power of discrimination."

"On the contrary, I am often unable to decide. But that is from ignorance. The right conclusion is there, all the same, though I am unable to see it."

"I think there are few who would see it more readily. Do you know, Lovegood was telling me yesterday that you had the best notion in the world of a plan for cottages—quite wonderful for a young lady, he thought. You had a real *genus*, to use his expression. He said you wanted Mr. Brooke to build a new set of cottages, but he seemed to think it hardly probable that your uncle would consent. Do you know, that is one of the things I wish to do—I mean, on my own estate. I should be so glad to carry out that plan of yours, if you would let me see it. Of course it is sinking money; that is why people object to it. Laborers can never pay rent to make it answer. But, after all, it is worth doing."

"Worth doing! yes, indeed!" said Dorothea, energetically, forgetting her previous small vexations. "I think we deserve to be beaten out of our beautiful houses with a scourge of small cords—all of us who let tenants live in such sties as we see round us. Life in cottages might be happier than ours, if they were real houses fit for human beings from whom we expect duties and affections."

"Will you show me your plan?"

"Yes, certainly. I dare say it is very faulty. But I have been examining all the plans for cottages in Loudon's book, and picked out what seem the best things. Oh, what a happiness it would be to set the pattern about here! I think, instead of Lazarus at the gate, we should put the pig-sty cottages outside the park gate."

Dorothea was in the best temper now. Sir James, as brother-in-law, building model cottages on his estate, and then, perhaps, others being built at Lowick, and more and more elsewhere in imitation—it would be as if the spirit of Oberlin had passed over the parishes to make the life of poverty beautiful!

Sir James saw all the plans, and took one away to consult upon with Lovegood. He also took away a complacent sense that he was making great progress in Miss Brooke's good opinion. The Maltese puppy was not offered to Celia—an omission which Dorothea afterward thought of with surprise, but she blamed herself for it. She had been engrossing Sir James. After all, it was a relief that there was no puppy to tread upon.

Celia was present while the plans were being examined, and observed Sir James's illusion. "He thinks that Dodo cares about him, and she only cares about her plans. Yet I am not certain that she would refuse him if she thought he would let her manage every thing and carry out all her notions. And how very uncomfortable Sir James would be! I can not bear notions."

It was Celia's private luxury to indulge in this dislike. She dared not confess it to her sister in any direct statement, for that would be laying herself open to a demonstration that she was somehow or other at war with all goodness. But on safe opportunities she had an indirect mode of making her negative wisdom tell upon Dorothea, and calling her down from her rhapsodic mood by reminding her that people were staring, not listening. Celia was not impulsive: what she had to say could wait, and came from her always with the same quiet, staccato evenness. When people talked with energy and emphasis, she watched their faces and features merely. She never could understand how well-bred persons consented to sing and open their mouths in the ridiculous manner requisite for that vocal exercise.

It was not many days before Mr. Casaubon paid a morning visit, on which he was invited again for the following week to dine and stay the night. Thus Dorothea had three more conversations with him, and was convinced that her first impressions had been just. He was all she had at first imagined him to be: almost every thing he had said seemed like a specimen from a mine, or the inscription on the door of a museum which might open on the treasures of past ages; and this trust in his mental wealth was all the deeper and more effective on her inclination because it was now obvious that his visits were made for her sake. This accomplished man condescended to think of a young girl, and take the pains to talk to her, not with absurd compliment, but with an appeal to her understanding, and sometimes with instructive correction. What delightful companionship! Mr. Casaubon seemed even unconscious that trivialities existed, and never handed around that small-talk of heavy men which is as acceptable as stale bride-cake brought forth with an odor of cupboard. He talked of what he was interested in, or else he was silent, and bowed with sad civility. To Dorothea this was adorable genuineness, and religious abstinence from that artificiality which uses up the soul in the efforts of pretense. For she looked as reverently at Mr. Casaubon's religious elevation above herself as she did at his intellect and learning. He assented to her expressions of devout feeling, and usually with an appropriate quotation; he allowed himself to say that he had gone through some spiritual conflicts in his youth; in short, Dorothea saw that here she might reckon on understanding, sympathy, and guidance. On one—only one—of her favorite themes she was disappointed. Mr. Casaubon apparently did not care about building cottages, and diverted the talk to the extremely narrow accommodation which was to be had in the dwellings of the ancient Egyptians, as if to check a too high standard. After he was gone Dorothea dwelt with some agitation on this indifference of his; and her mind was much exercised with arguments drawn from the varying conditions of climate which modify human needs, and from the admitted wickedness of pagan despots. Should she not urge these arguments on Mr. Casaubon when he came again? But further reflection told her that she was presumptuous in demanding his attention to such a subject: he would not disapprove of her occupying herself with it in leisure moments, as other women expected to occupy themselves with their dress and embroidery—would not forbid it when— Dorothea felt rather ashamed as she detected herself in these speculations. But her uncle had been invited to go to Lowick to stay a couple of days: was it reasonable to suppose that Mr. Casaubon delighted in Mr. Brooke's society for its own sake, either with or without documents?

Meanwhile that little disappointment made her delight the more in Sir James Chettam's readiness to set on foot the desired improvements. He came much oftener than Mr. Casaubon, and Dorothea ceased to find him disagreeable since he showed himself so entirely in earnest; for he had already entered with much practical ability into Lovegood's estimates, and was charmingly docile. She proposed to build a couple of cottages, and transfer two families from their old cabins, which could then be pulled down, so that new ones could be built on the old sites. Sir James said, "Exactly," and she bore the word remarkably well.

Certainly these men who had so few spontaneous ideas might be very useful members of society under good feminine direction, if they were fortunate in choosing their sisters-in-law! It is difficult to say whether there was or was not a little willfulness in her continuing blind to the possibility that another sort of choice was in question in relation to her. But her life was just now full of hope and action; she was not only thinking of her plans, but getting down learned books from the library and reading many things hastily (that she might be a little less ignorant in talking to Mr. Casaubon), all the while being visited with conscientious questionings whether she were not exalting these poor doings above measure, and contemplating them with that self-satisfaction which was the last doom of ignorance and folly.

CHAPTER IV.

> "*1st Gent.* Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves.
> *2d Gent.* Ay, truly: but I think it is the world
> That brings the iron."

"SIR JAMES seems determined to do every thing you wish," said Celia, as they were driving home from an inspection of the new building site.

"He is a good creature, and more sensible than any one would imagine," said Dorothea, inconsiderately.

"You mean that he appears silly."

"No, no," said Dorothea, recollecting herself, and laying her hand on her sister's a moment, "but he does not talk equally well on all subjects."

"I should think none but disagreeable people do," said Celia, in her usual purring way. "They must be very dreadful to live with. Only think! at breakfast, and always."

Dorothea laughed. "Oh, Kitty, you are a wonderful creature!" She pinched Celia's chin, being in the mood now to think her very winning and lovely—fit hereafter to be an eternal cherub, and if it were not doctrinally wrong to say so, hardly more in need of salvation than a squirrel. "Of course people need not be always talking well. Only one tells the quality of their minds when they try to talk well."

"You mean that Sir James tries and fails."

"I was speaking generally. Why do you catechize me about Sir James? It is not the object of his life to please me."

"Now, Dodo, can you really believe that?"

"Certainly. He thinks of me as a future sister—that is all." Dorothea had never hinted this before, waiting, from a certain shyness on such subjects which was mutual between the sisters, until it should be introduced by some decisive event. Celia blushed, but said at once:

"Pray do not make that mistake any longer, Dodo. When Tantripp was brushing my hair the other day she said that Sir James's man knew from Mrs. Cadwallader's maid that Sir James was to marry the eldest Miss Brooke."

"How can you let Tantripp talk such gossip to you, Celia?" said Dorothea, indignantly, not the less angry because details asleep in her memory were now awakened to confirm the unwelcome revelation. "You must have asked her questions. It is degrading."

"I see no harm at all in Tantripp's talking to me. It is better to hear what people say. You see what mistakes you make by taking up notions. I am quite sure that Sir James means to make you an offer; and he believes that you will accept him, especially since you have been so pleased with him about the plans. And uncle too—I know he expects it. Every one can see that Sir James is very much in love with you."

The revulsion was so strong and painful in Dorothea's mind that the tears welled up and flowed abundantly. All her dear plans were imbittered, and she thought with disgust of Sir James's conceiving that she recognized him as her lover. There was vexation too on account of Celia.

"How could he expect it?" she burst forth, in her most impetuous manner. "I have never agreed with him about any thing but the cottages; I was barely polite to him before."

"But you have been so pleased with him since then, he has begun to feel quite sure that you are fond of him."

"Fond of him, Celia! How can you choose such odious expressions?" said Dorothea, passionately.

"Dear me, Dorothea, I suppose it would be right for you to be fond of a man whom you accepted for a husband."

"It is offensive to me to say that Sir James could think I was fond of him. Besides, it is not the right word for the feeling I must have toward the man I would accept as a husband."

"Well, I am sorry for Sir James. I thought it right to tell you, because you went on, as you always do, never looking just where you are, and treading in the wrong place. You always see what nobody else sees; it is impossible to satisfy you; yet you never see what is quite plain. That's your way, Dodo." Something certainly gave Celia unusual courage; and she was not sparing the sister of whom she was occasionally in awe. Who can tell what just criticisms Murr the Cat may be passing on us beings of wider speculation?

"It is very painful," said Dorothea, feeling scourged. "I can have no more to do with the cottages. I must be uncivil to him. I must tell him I will have nothing to do with them. It is very painful." Her eyes filled again with tears.

"Wait a little. Think about it. You know he is going away for a day or two to see his sister. There will be nobody besides Lovegood." Celia could not help relenting. "Poor Dodo," she went on, in an amiable staccato. "It is very hard: it is your favorite *fad* to draw plans."

"*Fad* to draw plans! Do you think I only care about my fellow-creatures' houses in that childish way? I may well make mistakes. How can one ever do any thing nobly Christian, living among people with such petty thoughts?"

No more was said: Dorothea was too much jarred to recover her temper, and behave so as to show that she admitted any error in herself. She was disposed rather to accuse the intolerable narrowness and the purblind conscience of the society around her; and Celia was no longer the eternal cherub, but a thorn in her spirit, a pink-and-white nullifidian, worse than any discouraging presence in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The *fad* of drawing plans! What was life worth—what great faith was possible when the whole effect of one's actions could be withered up into such parched rubbish as that? When she got out of the carriage her cheeks were pale and her eyelids red. She was an image of sorrow, and her uncle, who met her in the hall, would have been alarmed, if Celia had not been close to her, looking so pretty and composed that he at once concluded Dorothea's tears to have their origin in her excessive religiousness. He had returned, during their absence, from a journey to the county town about a petition for the pardon of some criminal.

"Well, my dears," he said, kindly, as they went up to kiss him, "I hope nothing disagreeable has happened while I have been away?"

"No, uncle," said Celia; "we have been to Freshitt to look at the cottages. We thought you would have been at home to lunch."

"I came by Lowick to lunch—you didn't know I came by Lowick. And I have brought a couple of pamphlets for you, Dorothea—in the library, you know; they lie on the table in the library."

It seemed as if an electric stream went through Dorothea, thrilling her from despair into expectation. They were pamphlets about the early Church. The oppression of Celia, Tantripp, and Sir James was shaken off, and she walked straight to the library. Celia went up stairs. Mr. Brooke was detained by a message, but when he re-entered the library, he found Dorothea seated, and already deep in one of the pamphlets, which had some marginal manuscript of Mr. Casaubon's—taking it in as eagerly as she might have taken in the scent of a fresh bouquet after a dry, hot, dreary walk.

She was getting away from Tipton and Freshitt, and her own sad liability to tread in the wrong places on her way to the New Jerusalem.

Mr. Brooke sat down in his arm-chair, stretched his legs toward the wood fire, which had fallen into a wondrous mass of glowing dice between the dogs, and rubbed his hands gently, looking very mildly toward Dorothea, but with a neutral, leisurely air, as if he had nothing particular to say. Dorothea closed her pamphlet as soon as she was aware of her uncle's presence, and rose as if to go. Usually she would have been interested about her uncle's merciful errand on behalf of the criminal, but her late agitation had made her absent-minded.

"I came back by Lowick, you know," said Mr. Brooke, not as if with any intention to arrest her departure, but apparently from his usual tendency to say what he had said before. This fundamental principle of human speech was markedly exhibited in Mr. Brooke. "I lunched there, and saw Casaubon's library, and that kind of thing. There's a sharp air driving. Won't you sit down, my dear? You look cold."

Dorothea felt quite inclined to accept the invitation. Sometimes, when her uncle's easy way of taking things did not happen to be exasperating, it was rather soothing. She threw off her mantle and bonnet, and sat down opposite to him, enjoying the glow, but lifting up her beautiful hands for a screen. They were not thin hands or small hands, but powerful, feminine, maternal hands. She seemed to be holding them up in propitiation for her passionate desire to know and to think, which in the unfriendly mediums of Tipton and Freshitt had issued in crying and red eyelids.

She bethought herself now of the condemned criminal. "What news have you brought about the sheep-stealer, uncle?"

"What, poor Bunch?—well, it seems we can't get him off—he is to be hanged."

Dorothea's brow took an expression of reprobation and pity.

"Hanged, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with a quiet nod. "Poor Romilly! he would have helped us. I knew Romilly. Casaubon didn't know Romilly. He is a little buried in books, you know, Casaubon is."

"When a man has great studies, and is writing a great work, he must of course give up seeing much of the world. How can he go about making acquaintances?"

"That's true. But a man mopes, you know. I have always been a bachelor too, but I have that sort of disposition that I never moped, it was my way to go about every where and take in every thing. I never moped: but I can see that Casaubon does, you know. He wants a companion—a companion, you know."

"It would be a great honor to any one to be his companion," said Dorothea, energetically.

"You like him, eh?" said Mr. Brooke, without showing any surprise, or other emotion. "Well, now, I've known Casaubon ten years, ever since he came to Lowick. But I never got any thing out of him—any ideas, you know. However, he is a tiptop man, and may be a bishop—that kind of thing, you know, if Peel stays in. And he has a very high opinion of you, my dear."

Dorothea could not speak.

"The fact is, he has a very high opinion indeed of you. And he speaks uncommonly well, does Casaubon. He has deferred to me, you not being of age. In short, I have promised to speak to you, though I told him I thought there was not much chance. I was bound to tell him that. I said, my niece is very young, and that kind of thing. But I didn't think it necessary to go into every thing. However, the long and the short of it is, that he has asked my permission to make you an offer of marriage—of marriage, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with his explanatory nod. "I thought it better to tell you, my dear."

No one could have detected any anxiety in Mr. Brooke's manner, but he did really wish to know something of his niece's mind, that, if there were any need for advice, he might give it in time. What feeling he, as a magistrate who had taken in so many ideas, could make room for, was unmixedly kind. Since Dorothea did not speak immediately, he repeated, "I thought it better to tell you, my dear."

"Thank you, uncle," said Dorothea, in a clear, unwavering tone. "I am very grateful to Mr. Casaubon. If he makes me an offer, I shall accept him. I admire and honor him more than any man I ever saw."

Mr. Brooke paused a little, and then said, in a lingering, low tone, "Ah?......Well! He is a good match, in some respects. But now, Chettam is a good match. And our land lies together. I shall never interfere against your wishes, my dear. People should have their own way in marriage, and that sort of thing—up to a certain point, you know. I have always said that, up to a certain point. I wish you to marry well, and I have good reason to believe that Chettam wishes to marry you. I mention it, you know."

"It is impossible that I should ever marry Sir James Chettam," said Dorothea. "If he thinks of marrying me, he has made a great mistake."

"That is it, you see. One never knows. I should have thought Chettam was just the sort of man a woman would like, now."

"Pray do not mention him in that light again, uncle," said Dorothea, feeling some of her late irritation revive.

Mr. Brooke wondered, and felt that women were an inexhaustible subject of study, since even he, at his age, was not in a perfect state of scientific prediction about them. Here was a fellow like Chettam with no chance at all.

"Well, but Casaubon, now. There is no hurry—I mean for you. It's true, every year will tell upon him. He is over five-and-forty, you know. I should say a good seven-and-twenty years older than you. To be sure, if you like learning and standing, and that sort of thing—we can't have every thing. And his income is good—he has a handsome property independent of the Church—his income is good. Still, he is not young, and I must not conceal from you, my dear, that I think his health is not overstrong. I know nothing else against him."

"I should not wish to have a husband very near my own age," said Dorothea, with grave decision. "I should wish to have a husband who was above me in judgment and in all knowledge."

Mr. Brooke repeated his subdued "Ah?—I thought you had more of your own opinion than most girls. I thought you liked your own opinion—liked it, you know."

"I can not imagine myself living without some opinions, but I should wish to have good reasons for them, and a wise man could help me to see which opinions had the best foundation, and would help me to live according to them."

"Very true. You couldn't put the thing better—couldn't put it better, beforehand, you know. But there are oddities in things," continued Mr. Brooke, whose conscience was really roused to do the best he could for his niece on this occasion. "Life isn't cast in a mould—not cut out by rule and line, and that sort of thing. I never married myself, and it will be the better for you and yours. The fact is, I never loved any one well enough to put myself into a noose for them. It *is* a noose, you know. Temper, now. There is temper. And a husband likes to be master."

"I know that I must expect trials, uncle. Marriage is a state of higher duties. I never thought of it as mere personal ease," said poor Dorothea.

"Well, you are not fond of show, a great establishment, balls, dinners, that kind of thing. I can see that Casaubon's ways might suit you better than Chettam's. And you shall do as you like, my dear. I would not hinder Casaubon; I said so at once; for there is no knowing how any thing may turn out. You have not the same tastes as every young lady; and a clergyman and scholar—who may be a bishop—that kind of thing—may suit you better than Chettam. Chettam is a good fellow, a good, sound-hearted fellow, you know, but he doesn't go much into ideas. I did, when I was his age. But Casaubon's eyes, now. I think he has hurt them a little with too much reading."

"I should be all the happier, uncle, the more room there was for me to help him," said Dorothea, ardently.

"You have quite made up your mind, I see. Well, my dear, the fact is, I have a letter for you in my pocket." Mr. Brooke handed the letter to Dorothea, but as she rose to go away, he added, "There is not too much hurry, my dear. Think about it, you know."

When Dorothea had left him, he reflected that he had certainly spoken strongly: he had put the risks of marriage before her in a striking manner. It was his duty to do so. But as to pretending to be wise for young people—no uncle, however much he had traveled in his youth, absorbed the new ideas, and dined with celebrities now deceased, could pretend to judge what sort of marriage would turn out well for a young girl who preferred Casaubon to Chettam. In short, woman was a problem which, since Mr. Brooke's mind felt blank before it, could be hardly less complicated than the revolutions of an irregular solid.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT might be more comfortable to speak of ice and ice-houses when midsummer heats are oppressive than when December's frosts are nipping our ears. It may be unfortunate that Nature does not make ice for us when we feel most to need it. But the prospect now is that she will give such a bountiful supply this season that there will be no lack when the sultry days of August, 1872, call for frequent cooling potations and hourly ices and creams. An inexpensive ice-house may be easily made; any farmer can construct his own without difficulty. Several families in a village might unite in storing their ice in one house. And if country people should once form the habit of providing this so-called luxury for their summer use, they would realize its value. The *Country Gentleman* gives, in substance, the following directions for making a very simple structure, which will serve a temporary purpose:

Lay some old rails or poles on a piece of ground sufficiently inclined to carry off water, fill the crevices with sawdust, and cover with old boards or slabs. Get from the saw-mill a few loads of slabs, take four about twelve feet long, notch the corners as for a log-house, set them on the platform, and you have a crib about ten and a half feet square by the width of the slab deep; fill this crib with sawdust and pack it down hard. Cut your ice so that it will pack close, lay it on the sawdust, put on another crib of slabs, and fill up and pack hard with sawdust all around, and so go on until you get up six or eight feet; then put a foot and a half of sawdust on top. Over this put a shed roof of slabs—one end of the slabs nearly to the ice, raising the other three feet. Ice will keep in such a house as well as in a more elaborate structure.

It is a common fallacy in regard to diet that brain-workers need less nutriment than muscle-workers. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid, and must be replaced by abundant food.

An exchange predicts fearful times in the future for old bachelors: 1872 is leap-year; and with the general advance in woman's rights, no unmarried man over twenty-five will be safe.

Prussia is far behind the times—at least behind *American* times. An enthusiastic lady who made a speech at Halle in favor of woman's rights was sentenced the next morning by a police judge to two days' imprisonment on bread and water for advocating free-love doctrines.

In Denmark an arrangement is made by which children may attend school one part of the day and work the other part. A school-house—in Copenhagen, for example—is furnished for a thousand children; one session is held in the morning, a thousand attending; in the afternoon a second thousand children attend—both schools being under the same general management.

"Have you a copy of *Prometheus Unbound?*" inquired a customer of a clerk in a bookstore the other day.

"No," was the reply; "but we will order you a copy of *Prometheus*, and have it bound as cheaply as possible."

The Prince and Princess de la Moskowa, who were the companions in captivity of the Emperor Napoleon at Wilhelmshohe, and who also accompanied him to England, have returned to Paris.

It is said of Catharine M. Sedgwick—whose "Life and Letters" have just been published by the Messrs. Harper—that her love for children was peculiarly tender. She and every child who came near her seemed bound together by the strongest mutual attraction. It was a practice of hers, when her little nieces went to bed, to lie down beside them and tell them a story. Her stories, invented at the moment, were often continued from night to night; and in that case she was frequently reproved for mistakes in the names of the characters or the incidents of the story. A niece of hers says: "At seventy-five I have seen her sit on the floor and play 'Hunt the Slipper' with as much zest as any of the children." She encouraged the most affectionate familiarity of manner. A lovely little girl, one of her nieces, once exclaimed, on hearing some one say how much she *respected* Miss Sedgwick, "Rethpect Aunt Kitty! why, I couldn't rethpect Aunt Kitty!" Nothing could have delighted "Aunt Kitty" more than such evidence of that love which "casteth out fear."

Russian women, according to report, aspire to have a university of their own.

Remarkable stories about the sagacity of rats abound, and rats "of the period" seem to be improving on the wisdom of their ancestors. A lady of Brunswick, Maine, vouches for the truth of a tale as strange as any we have heard lately. The lady was greatly annoyed by rats in her cellar, where she kept, among other things, several dozens of bottles of preserves on shelves. She often found the corks out of some of the bottles, and an evident decrease of the preserves, a circumstance which puzzled her much. One day, as she was in the yard near the cellar window, she happened to spy an old gray rat run across the cellar and climb on the shelf. Standing on his hind-legs, with his fore-legs around the neck of the bottle, he nosed out the stopper, and drawing a quart box that was on the shelf to the side of the bottle, got up on it. He then turned about and dipped his tail full length into the preserves. Carefully drawing his tail out, he doubled himself up, and drew his tail through his mouth until he had removed all of the preserves. He went through this same process, and the lady watched this bailing, for nearly half an hour, until the rogue had settled the preserves some two inches.

The Feejee *Times* is a good-sized, eight-page paper, containing excellent reading matter—largely taken from foreign journals—shipping news, and plenty of advertisements. It is well supported by the native people. Yet not many years ago only a degraded race of cannibals dwelt in the Feejee Islands. The printing-press follows the missionary.

Corporal punishment may now be inflicted by any Russian criminal judge upon a prisoner to the extent of one hundred lashes. But the czar has appointed a committee to examine into this matter of corporal punishment, and it is probable that after their report is made this penalty will be abolished.

The following dubious recommendation was all that an English servant could produce as a testimonial of "character:" "The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when every thing had vanished."

The little kingdom of Sweden is making preparations to send out a new polar expedition next spring. Trips to the arctic regions are becoming all the style.

It is rumored that M. Henri Rochefort will be confined in the island of Saint Marguerite, on the coast of Provence, and that he is to occupy the cell in which the famous Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned for several years.

One of the most noteworthy donations on Chicago's record is that from five hundred disabled soldiers in the "National Asylum" at Augusta, Maine. With sympathetic hearts they sent a contribution of $247 "*for the relief of the sufferers by the late disastrous fire.*"

On the western coast of Africa is the state of Iberio. Kambull is the king thereof. He is evidently a wise and prudent monarch, and has not postponed preparations for death. An envoy extraordinary from this country has recently brought to one of the principal cabinet-makers of Paris instructions for making a coffin for the king. It is to be three meters in length and a meter and a half in height, blue in color, polished and varnished, and the nails are to be of gold. It is to rest on four feet of massive silver. The interior will be lined with red velvet, and a magnificent cushion will be placed for the head to repose on. Six windows will be made in the lid, and windows are also to be placed in the sides. The maker has also received orders to place inside the coffin six bottles of old cognac, two pipes, and a chess-board and chess-men. These objects are destined to accompany his majesty on his voyage to the other world.

One hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

The Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, has received from Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps a set of twenty-three volumes of reports and documents relating to the conception and execution of the Suez Canal. The volumes are illustrated by beautifully executed maps and plans.

The following comparison of the losses by great fires will be of interest to many: Chicago, 1871, $200,000,000; London, 1666, $35,000,000; New York, 1835, $20,000,000; Portland, 1866, $10,000,000; Pittsburg, 1845, $10,000,000; New York, 1845, $6,000,000; San Francisco, 1851, $3,500,000; Charleston, 1868, $3,000,000; St. Louis, 1849, $3,000,000; Albany, 1868, $3,000,000.

The Colorado *Tribune* discourses upon the unequaled climate of that section of our country. The dry, clear, bracing atmosphere of Colorado is highly recommended for consumptives. The purity of the air is remarkable, and imparts to one inhaling it unusual vigor. It is said that no one having tendencies to consumption, or in the early stages of the disease, crosses the plains to Colorado who is not immediately relieved. Nearly all pronounce themselves cured. Asthma and diseases of the liver are mitigated or cured in the climate of Colorado.

It so happened that the Emperor Napoleon was made very comfortable during his stay at the Imperial Hotel at Torquay. Before he went away he expressed a wish to see the cook—a Frenchman. When the cook appeared, Napoleon said that he wanted to tell him in person how much he had been pleased with the cooking. "I have not enjoyed my dinners so much any where since I left the Tuileries," said the emperor.

"Sire, I am honored," was the reply; "but will your majesty permit me to mention that I have had the honor of cooking hundreds of dinners for you and the empress; I was cook at the Tuileries until two years ago."

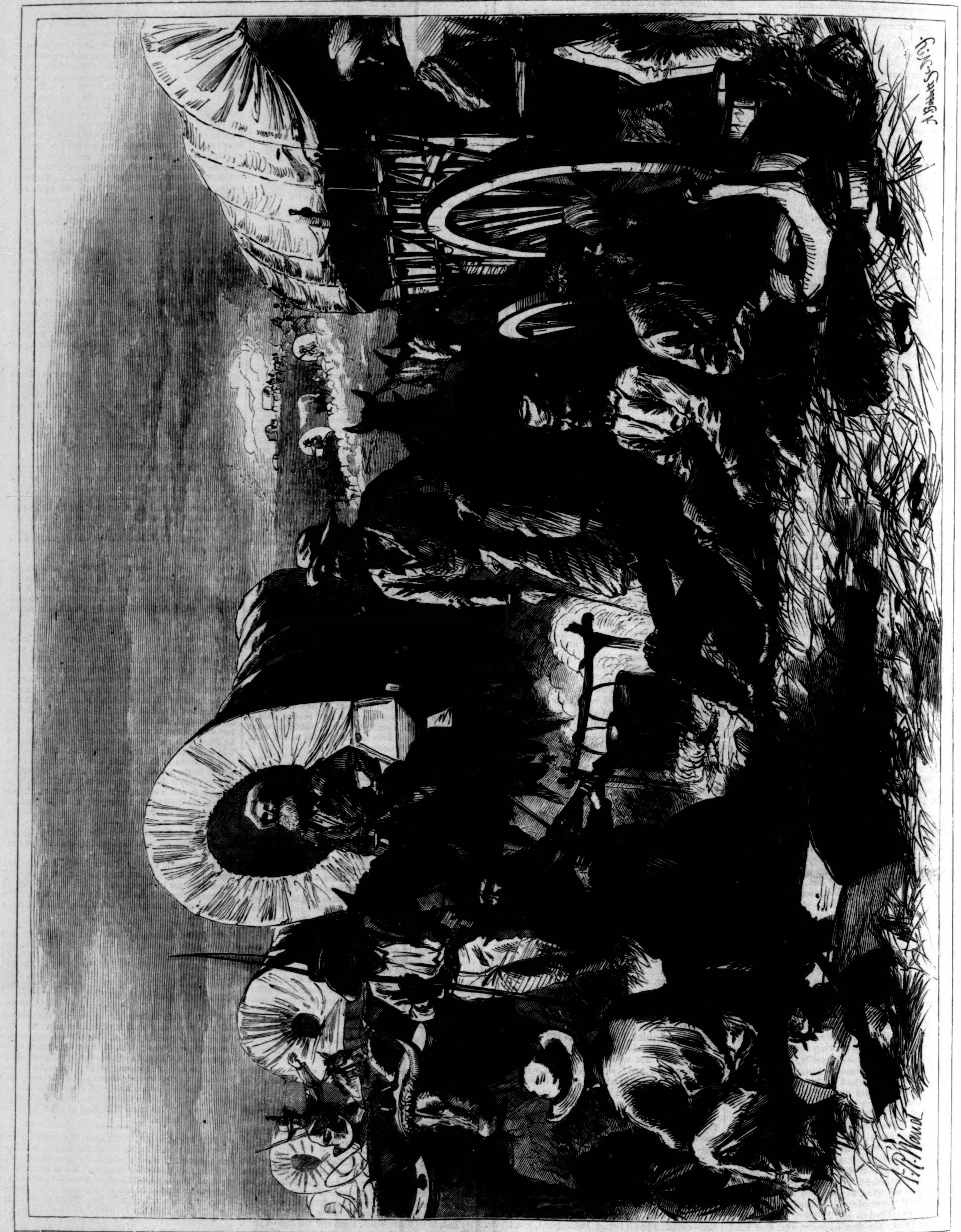
Russia is absorbing many of the skilled artists of France, for many of the working-men of Paris and other cities are packing up their effects and seeking new homes. They have a right to carry their talents to the best market. But Parisians are scarcely fitted to live enjoyably in the autocratic atmosphere of Russia.

PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

Before the completion of the Pacific Railroad the journey across the plains was a very different undertaking from what it is now. It was full of peril, wild adventure, and exciting romance. Those who first ventured to explore the pathless wilderness must have left the last precincts of border civilization with the same feeling that Columbus and his men for the first time saw the shores of their native country sink out of sight, while before them stretched the unknown, illimitable waste of waters. Their only guide was the compass. A net-work of devious Indian and buffalo trails perplexed rather than aided them in selecting their road, and at the same time kept them constantly alive to the perils which surrounded them. There was danger at every step. Every moment might bring their dusky enemies into sight, and compel them to fight for their lives with a foe whose cruelty was only exceeded by his wiliness and craft.

In time these matters somewhat mended. The trails most commonly pursued by the emigrant trains became magnificent roads, often from fifty to sixty yards in width, and were so frequently traversed by large and well-guarded trains as to be safe in comparison with what they had been. Occasionally, it is true, a strong band of Indians would swoop down upon a small or negligently guarded train, and stampede the cattle and teams, if they did not massacre the people; but these calamities bore a small proportion to the immense number of caravans that passed every year across the plains. The danger was, however, constant, and was only averted by unceasing vigilance on the part of the "pilgrims," as the emigrants were styled on the plains—not, however, for their saintly characteristics.

Our illustration on this page represents a halt of one of these trains for the night. The day's journey has been accomplished, and the corral, or camp, must be made up before darkness comes on. This is done by arranging the wagons in a circle, leaving but one opening, to guard against an Indian charge as well as to provide a place where the animals belonging to the train can be securely guarded and kept from straying. The camp cooking fires are lighted, and during the preparations for the meal, which includes both dinner and supper, the hearts of the weary wagoners are beguiled with cheering notes from the musician of the train. They are a hard, wild set, these wagoners. Living beyond the confines of civilization, and removed from all the softening influences of society, they form a class by themselves peculiar to the great plains. Constant exposure to peril makes them insensible to danger, and is also the cause of their utter recklessness of human life. Men who don't

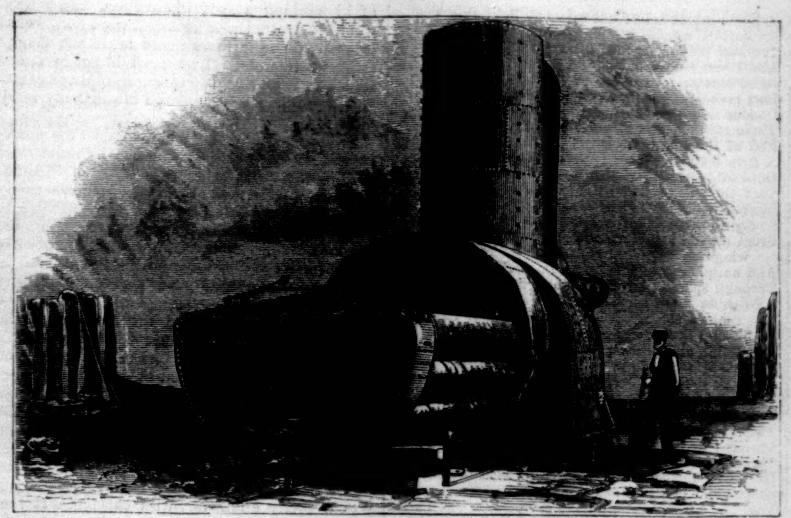


PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

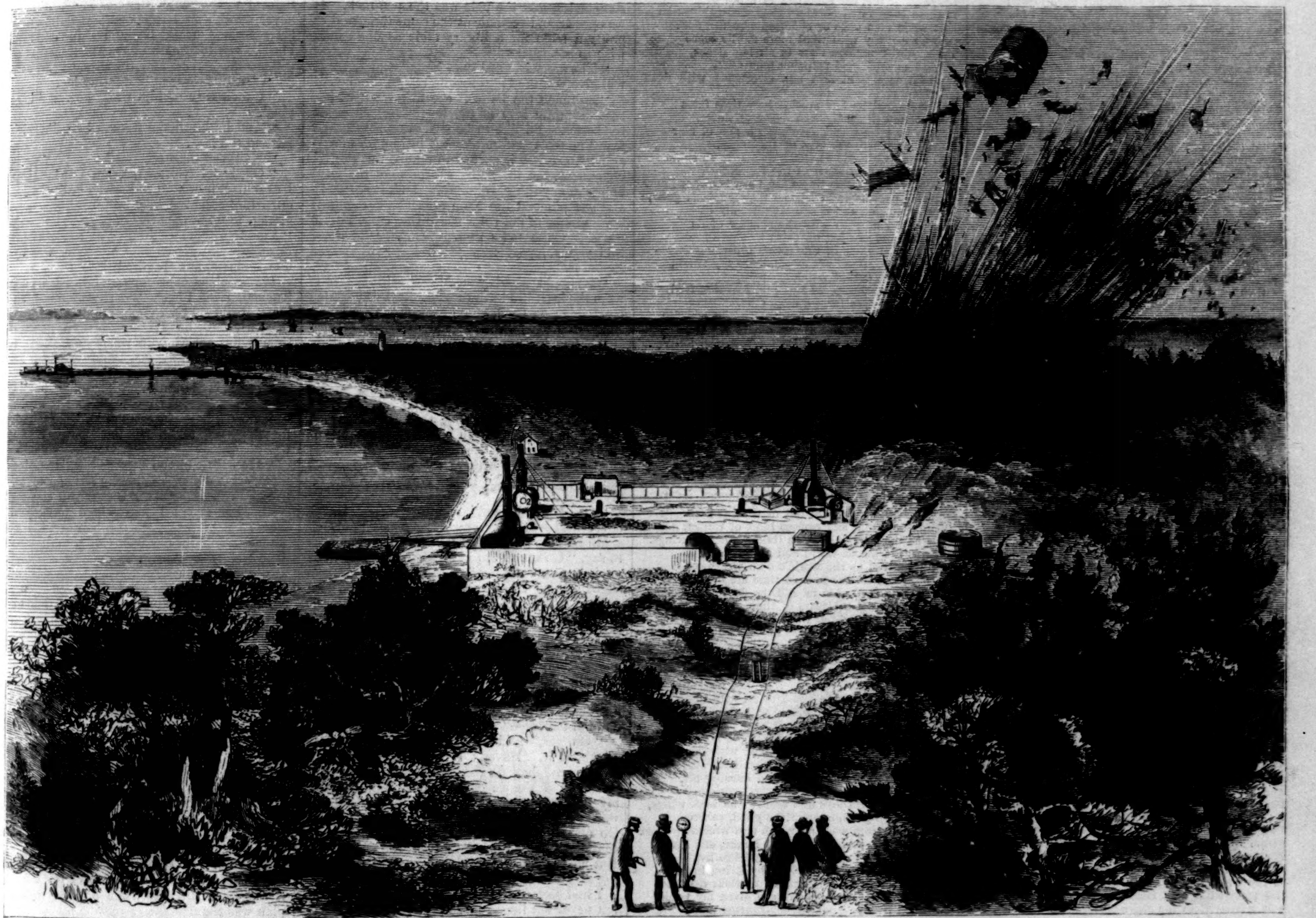
care for their own lives are not apt to be particular about others', and when they fight, it is, perhaps, less to save themselves than to kill somebody else. But in spite of this trifling moral defect they are a class worthy of great respect. As a general rule, they are men of their word, brave and generous, and if they undertook to carry you across the plains, you might feel sure they would die for you just as recklessly as they would kill you on the proper provocation.

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

A series of very interesting and important experiments has been going on at Sandy Hook, instituted by the united railroad companies of New Jersey, under the superintendence of Mr. F. B. Stevens, with the view of obtaining light on the causes of boiler explosions. The experiments took place in grounds at the Hook belonging to the United States, where a large plot had been inclosed for the purpose by a high fence, as shown in one of the illustrations on this page. The boilers to be experimented with were nine in number, and were provided with the requisite pressure and water gauges. The former were expressly manufactured for the occasion, and had been carefully tested. Five pressure-gauges were placed near each boiler tried, under the protection of two bomb-proofs; and two, tested to a pressure of 1500 pounds per square inch, were placed side by side at a safe distance from the boilers (about 250 feet on the first day, and 450 feet on the second day of the experiments), with which they communicated by a pipe of suitable length; while in this position their indications were compared with those of the tested pressure-gauges at the boilers, and found to agree. All of Mr. Stevens's arrangements were judiciously made, and nothing was wanting to their accuracy and completeness.

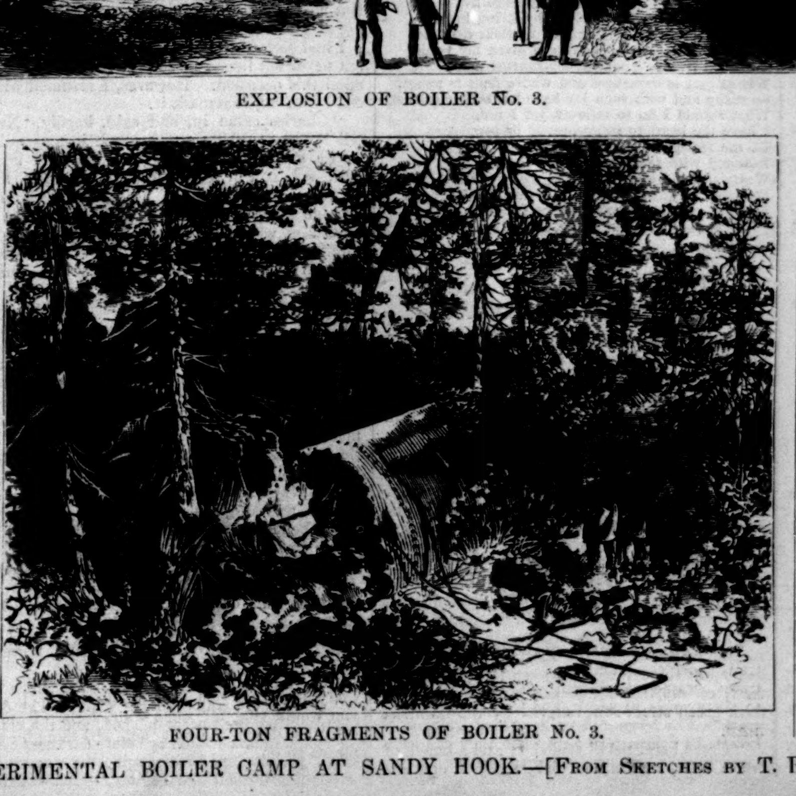


THE "WESTFIELD'S" BOILER.



EXPLOSION OF BOILER No. 3.

The experiment we have selected for illustration was the trial of "Boiler No. 3," built by T. F. Secor in 1845, and taken out of the steamer *Bordentown* in August last, after having been in use twenty-five years. When taken out the certificate allowed its use with thirty pounds of steam per square inch. It is a return tubular boiler, with one furnace extending the whole width. The boiler is twelve feet wide and fifteen feet five inches long. Its shell was rectangular, and its whole strength consisted in its interior braces. On the 2d of September it was tested under a hydrostatic pressure of sixty pounds per square inch, when twelve of the braces gave way. After being repaired it was again subjected to a hydrostatic test of thirty pounds per square inch, which it bore without fracture, and on the 16th of November it was further subjected to a steam pressure of forty-three pounds per square inch, which it again bore without injury.



FOUR-TON FRAGMENTS OF BOILER No. 3.

In the final experiment the water level in the boiler was fifteen inches above the tubes when left by Mr. Stevens and his workmen seven minutes before the explosion took place. The gauges indicated a gradual raising of the steam pressure until it reached fifty pounds to the square inch, when some of the braces gave way with a loud report; and when a pressure of 53½ pounds was attained, the boiler exploded with terrific violence. The steam-drum, and a portion of the top of the shell, forming a mass about four tons in weight, were hurled high into the air, and fell about 500 feet from the inclosure.

The boiler was literally torn into shreds, and only a mass of shattered tubes remained on the spot where it had been. The ground for a considerable space around the boiler was saturated with the water it had contained.

This experiment was witnessed by Messrs. B. F. Isherwood and Sidney A. Albert, chief engineers of the United States navy, detailed by the Navy Department to witness and report upon these experiments, Captain W. W. Woolsey, superintendent of the Jersey City ferry, and other gentlemen connected either with the manufacture or the superintendence of steam-boilers; and all agreed that it entirely contradicted all existing theories in respect to explosions, for it showed that with neither an extraordinary pressure nor low water an explosion of the most violent character was possible in a boiler which had previously stood the test of hydrostatic pressure in a satisfactory manner.

Mr. Isherwood's report to the Secretary of the Navy embodies several important and interesting conclusions drawn from these experiments which will be of great practical value in determining the cause of steam-boiler explosions. It was shown, for example, that a pressure only moderately in excess of that generally allowed is sufficient to shatter a boiler to fragments; and that with only a wood fire (coal was not used) only thirteen minutes were required to raise the pressure from the inspector's working allowance of thirty pounds per square inch to the exploding pressure of 53½ pounds per square inch, showing that a few minutes' absence or neglect of the engineer, coupled with an overloaded or inoperative safety-valve, are all that are needed to produce the most destructive steam-boiler explosion.

These experiments, having thus conclusively disposed of several theories of steam-boiler explosion, and replaced vague conjecture and crude hypothesis with exact experimental facts, have narrowed the field for the search of truth, and made its discovery more probable. The public will watch with the greatest interest for the continuation of these trials, which involve questions of the highest importance to the community.

Our cut of the boiler of the *Westfield* shows the break made by the explosion last summer. The upper part of the boiler shell was entirely blown away.

THE EXPERIMENTAL BOILER CAMP AT SANDY HOOK.—[From Sketches by T. R. Davis.]

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

PRELUDE OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that moving has man's life for shade,
The spirit that for temporal veil has on
The souls of all men woven in unison,
One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought,
And alway through new act and passion new
Shines the divine same body and beauty through,
The body spiritual of fire and light
That is to worldly noon as noon to night;
Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
And spirit within the flesh whence breath began;
Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand,
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death,
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet time live
Through day and night of things alternative,
Through silence and through sound of stress and strife,
And ebb and flow of dying death and life;
Love, that sounds loud or light in all men's ears,
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks of tears;
That binds on all men's feet or chains or wings;
Love, that is root and fruit of terrene things;
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down;
Love, that what time his own hands guard his head
The whole world's wrath and strength shall not strike dead;
Love, that if once his own hands make his grave
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not save;
Love, that for every life shall not be sold,
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with gold;
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven farewell,
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell;
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven.
Love, that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love;
Through many and lovely thoughts and much desire
Led these twain to the life of tears and fire;
Through many and lovely days and much delight
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.
Yea, but what then? albeit all this were thus,
And soul smote soul and left it ruinous,
And love led love as eyeless men lead men,
Through chance by chance to deathward—ah, what then?
Hath love not likewise led them further yet,
Out through the years where memories rise and set,
Some large as suns, some moon-like warm and pale,
Some starry-sighted, some through clouds that sail
Seen as red flame through spectral float of fume,
Each with the blush of its own special bloom
On the fair face of its own colored light,
Distinguishable in all the host of night,
Divisible from all the radiant rest
And separable in splendor? Hath the best
Light of love's all, of all that burn and move,
A better heaven than heaven is? Hath not love
Made for all these their sweet particular air
To shine in, their own beams and names to bear,
Their ways to wander, and their wards to keep,
Till story and song and glory and all things sleep?
Hath he not plucked from death of lovers dead
Their musical sweet memories, and kept red
The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,
The sunsets of their stories in his skies,
The blush of their dead blood in lips that speak
Of their dead lives, and in the listener's cheek
That trembles with the kindling pity lit
In gracious hearts for a sweet fever-fit,
A fiery pity enkindled of pure thought
By tales that make their honey out of naught,
The faithless faith that lives without belief
Its light life through, the griefless ghost of grief?
Yea, as warm night refashions the sere blood
In storm-struck petal, or in sun-struck bud,
With tender hours and tempering dew to cure
The hunger and thirst of day's distemperature
And ravin of the dry discoloring hours,
Hath he not bid relume their flameless flowers
With summer fire and heat of lamping song,
And bid the short-lived things, long dead, live long,
And thought remake their wan funereal fames,
And the sweet shining signs of women's names
That mark the months out and the weeks anew
He moves in changeless change of seasons through
To make the days up of his dateless year,
Flame from Queen Helen to Queen Guenevere?
For first of all the spherèd signs whereby
Love severs light from darkness, and most high
In the white front of January there glows
The rose-red sign of Helen like a rose:
And gold-eyed as the shore-flower shelterless
Whereon the sharp-breathed sea blows bitterness,
A storm-star that the sea-farers of love
Strain their wind-wearied eyes for glimpses of,
Shoots keen through February's gray frost and damp
The lamp-like star of Hero for a lamp;
The star that Marlowe sang into our skies
With mouth of gold, and morning in his eyes;
And in clear March across the rough blue sea
The spherèd sapphire of Alcyone
Makes bright the blown brows of the wind-foot year;
And shining like a sunbeam-smitten tear
Full ere it fall, the fair next sign in sight
Burns opal-wise with April-colored light
When air is quick with song and rain and flame,
My birth-month star that in love's heaven hath name
Iseult, a light of blossom and beam and shower,
My Singing sign that makes the song-tree flower;
Next like a pale and burning pearl beyond
The rose-white sphere of flower named Rosamond
Signs the sweet head of May-time; and for June
Flares like an angered and storm-reddening moon
Her signal sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre
Shadowed her traitor's flying sail with fire;
Next, glittering as the wine-bright jacinth-stone,
A star south-risen that first to music shone,
The keen girl-star of golden Juliet bears
Light northward to the month whose forehead wears
Her name for flower upon it, and his trees
Mix their deep English song with Veronese;
And like an awful sovereign chrysolite
Burning, the supreme fire that blinds the night
The hot gold head of Venus kissed by Mars,
A sunflower among small sphered flowers of stars,
The light of Cleopatra fills and burns
The hollow of heaven whence ardent August yearns;
And fixed and shining as the sister-shed
Sweet tears for Phaethon disorbed and dead,
The pale bright autumn's amber-colored sphere,
That through September sees the saddening year
As love sees change through sorrow, hath to name
Francesca's; and the star that watches flame
The embers of the harvest overgone
Is Thisbe's, slain of love in Babylon,
Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs
A blood-bright ruby; last save one light shines
An eastern wonder of sphery chrysopras,
The star that made men mad, Angelica's;
And latest named and lordliest, with a sound
Of swords and harps in heaven that ring it round,
Last love-light and last love-song of the year's,
Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.
These are the signs wherethrough the year sees move,
Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and unclose not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might,
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings
And antiphones of motion-moulded rhyme
Through spaces out of space and timeless time.
So shine above dead chance and conquered change
The spherèd signs, and leave without their range
Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for wife,
Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of life.
Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,
Through the dim door of sleep that seem to press,
Forms without form, a piteous people and blind,
Men and no men, whose lamentable kind
The shadow of death and shadow of life compel
Through semblances of heaven and false-faced hell,
Through dreams of light and dreams of darkness tost
On waves unnavigable, are these so lost?
Shapes that wax pale and shift in swift, strange wise,
Void faces with unspeculative eyes,
Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths that move,
Featureless heads discrowned of hate and love,
Mockeries and masks of motion and mute breath,
Leavings of life, the superflux of death—
If these things and no more than these things be
Left when man ends or changes, who can see?
Or who can say with what more subtle sense
Their subtler natures taste in air less dense
A life less thick and palpable than ours,
Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with dead flowers
And measured by low music? how time fares
In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,
Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star
To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,
And hers who made as God's own eyes to shine
The eyes that met them of the Florentine,
Eyes heavenly ere they knew her, but when they knew
Heavenly past name of heaven their godhead grew,
Grew great and waxed and wonderfully lit
All time for all men with the shadow of it;
Ah, and these too felt on them as God's grace
The pity and glory of this man's breathing face—
For these too, these my lovers, these my twain,
Saw Dante, saw God visible by pain,
With lips that thundered and with feet that trod
Before men's eyes incognizable God—
Saw love and wrath and light and night and fire
Live with one life and at one mouth respire,
And in one golden sound their whole soul heard
Sounding, one sweet immitigable word.
They have the night, who had like us the day;
We, whom day binds, shall have the night as they.
We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep sound.
All gifts but one the jealous God may keep
From our soul's longing, one he can not—sleep.
This, though he grudge all other grace to prayer,
This grace his closed hand can not choose but spare.
This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,
Be it lightly given or loathly, God must give.
We, as the men our memory sleeps upon,
We too shall surely pass out of the sun;
Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,
Wide as the stretch of life's time-wandering wings.
Wide as the naked world and shadowless,
And long-lived as the world's own weariness.
Us too, when all the fires of time are cold,
The heights shall hide us and the depths shall hold.
Us too, when all the tears of time are dry,
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.
Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,
But the large unbewildered eye of night
Hath sense and speculation; and the sheer
Limitless length of lifeless life and clear,
The timeless space wherein the brief worlds move
Clothed with light life and fruitful with light love,
With hopes that threaten, and with fears that cease,
Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.
Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and fears,
Spun fine as fire and jeweled thick with tears,
These lives made out of loves that long since were,
Lives made as ours of earth and burning air,
Fugitive flame, and water of secret springs,
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with wings,
Some yet are good, if aught be good, to save
Some while from washing wreck and wrecking wave.
Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and give
Out of my life to make their dead life live
Some days of mine, and blow my living breath
Between the lips for their sake of their death?
So many and many ere me have given my twain
Love and live song and honey-hearted pain,
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is sweet,
So many and with such joy have tracked their feet,
What should I do to follow? yet I too,
I have the heart to follow, many or few
Be the feet gone before me; for the way,
Rose-red with remnant roses of the day
Westward, and eastward white with stars that break,
Between the green and foam is fair to take
For any sail the sea-wind steers for me
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

STORY OF AN INKSTAND,

WITH THE INKSTAND LEFT OUT.

"That inkstand? Yes, it has a history. I may as well tell it to you now as any other time, I suppose. You ought to be called the Great American History Extractor, or Romance Extractor; for if there is a particle of romance in any thing or any body in a place where you happen to be, you are sure to scent it out."

"Of all days, this is the most glorious one for a romance—the rain falling with that steady, monotonous drip, drip, drip; not a soul in the house but ourselves, and we so snug in this splendid old library."

Mag Hastings was indeed an indefatigable romance-hunter. She was always looking for situations where the romantic predominated. She would have succeeded as a dramatist, without a doubt. She was apparently as happy as mortal could be on the morning in question, nestled in the depths of my scarlet lounge, perfectly certain that she looked picturesque in her dark green street suit, relieved by the daintiest linen.

"Come here, pet!" said she; and a bunch of white wool, with a blue ribbon tied at one end of it, marking a spot where in a dog a neck would be, trotted mysteriously toward her. What propelling power there could be in the shaggy thing was a wonder I never could get over, but somehow it managed to spring into Mag's arms, and then the silence assured me that my story was expected.

The surroundings were favorable for story-telling, it is true. The room heavily wainscoted with dark wood; the cases of books of all times and of all varieties; the long windows richly draped with scarlet brocade, lined with exquisite lace; the thick soft carpet of mottled green; the Turkish lounges, the quaint chairs, luxuriously upholstered; the bronzes on the mantle and in niches and corners—bronzes that told old stories of mythology; the engravings on the wall; the little gems in oil selected for their wonderful coloring—an autumn scene, a burning ship, a group of German peasants; the glowing fire of sea-coal, and the polished hearth and fender—all appealed to the love of the beautiful and the picturesque, while the cold, unceasing rain, the bare, gaunt trees, the dripping shrubbery, and the blanched grass drove the thoughts within for solace and amusement.

The inkstand that Mag Hastings referred to was a pretty affair in Swiss carving. It represented two little peasants carrying water, the buckets suspended from a pole resting in a hand of each. Of course the water-pails were the ink receptacles, and the pole was the pen-rack. It was poetic and realistic at the same time, and as pretty a trifle for a library table as one would wish to see.

"The story is a sad one, Mag," said I. "It will give you the blues for the rest of the day."

"So much the better," she answered, with a true dramatic love of the horrible—"so much the better. I'd like to be stirred up a little. I fear I'm too comfortable. A little dash of imaginative sorrow is needed to relieve this perfect enjoyment. A little shade throws out the good points of any thing, you know. Isn't it so, pet?" and she pinched the little appendage dignified by the name of tail till a sharp yelp came out of the soft white mass in her arms. "There, I told you so, pet: now you'll know what true repose is."

"I should scold you, Mag," said I, "if it were the least use in the world. But you are incorrigible; so I will go on. Time will give you shadow enough, without doubt.

"When I was in Venice—" I commenced.

"In Venice!" exclaimed Mag, sitting bolt-upright, and giving the little dumpling of a poodle a push that brought out a most spiteful yelp. "When were *you* ever in Venice?"

"Why, you know, Mag, that I was abroad more than two years. In fact, I had just returned when you and I became acquainted," I replied, wondering a little at the unusual interest she appeared to take in the commencement of my story.

"Oh, I knew that," she replied. "But I never heard you say any thing about Venice;" again reclining and closing her eyes, as much as to say, "Go on. I am at a loss to conceive what made me so foolish as to disturb myself for so slight a thing as the mention of a foreign and defunct city."

"Well, when I was in Venice—I believe it was the second month of my stay there—Charles came in one day" (Charles is my husband) "from a long tramp about the Palazzo Loredan, the Ca' d' Oro—you know which I mean—the one built in the sixteenth century, in the Oriental style, and restored by Mademoiselle Taglioni, the celebrated dancer—"

"Oh yes," said Mag, impatiently, "I know all about it. Haven't I been there? wasn't I born there? haven't I always lived there? didn't the Doge of Venice christen me? didn't I draw my first breath on the Bridge of Sighs? and wasn't I one of Mademoiselle Taglioni's pupils? Go ahead, and tell what Charles said when he came back from his tramp about the Ca' d' Oro. But never mind the architecture; I'm not building at present."

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods, but never felt her to be so utterly incorrigible as upon this occasion. However, I resumed without appearing to remark it.

"Charles came in, and said, hastily, 'Nell, tell Pedro to get up a nice lunch just as quick as he can. I have brought an invalid home with me, and if I can I shall persuade him to remain a while with us. I have taken a strange fancy to the fellow, and should like to have him where we could take a little care of him. He will certainly die if somebody don't take an interest in him.' So I hurried around, and after a little Pedro and I—"

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupted Mag again, without opening her eyes, and with a little tremolo in her voice, which I could not understand. "Proceed with the man! Animals always interest me more than food."

"You would not call Austin Benedict an animal if you could see him once," I replied, a little indignantly, and was about to add that I didn't wish Charles mixed up with that species either, when over went the lap-dog on to the lounge, and Mag said, irritably:

"I believe *that* animal thinks I have nothing to do but to make my lap into a bed for his convenience. Go on, Nell. Austin Benedict! Austin Benedict is a good name. It has got the right kind of a ring to it. I'll bet my new solitaire against three cents that his character was as stony as his cognomen. A man called Austin Benedict would do what he considered to be right, if by so doing it killed him and every body he was acquainted with! I wish you would ring for some wine, Nell. I am as cold as death. Don't get up, though—and please go on."

"Yes," I resumed, "you are quite right about Mr. Benedict's character. I believe there is something in names. But for all that the fellow was dying for love."

"A very interesting case," said Mag, turning deathly pale. "Do you know the circumstances?" and then, with the slightest perceptible sneer, added, "A man must be very strong to admit such a thing about himself."

"Oh," I answered, "it was a long time before we got at the facts in the case; but one day, when I sat by him, and we all thought he couldn't last many hours, he told me the whole story."

"When you sat by him, and thought he couldn't last many hours, he told you the whole story!" repeated Mag, in a strange sort of a way. "Did he *die?*"

"No; he rallied again," I answered, almost out of breath at Mag's strange behavior. "It seems that he loved with his whole heart and soul a very beautiful and much-sought-after young lady. She *pretended* to love him. Her parents were opposed to the match: she proposed to defy her parents. The next news he receives comes in the form of a letter from her, telling him that she finds she does not care for him as she supposed, and asking to be freed from her engagement."

"He *did* receive such a letter, did he? Austin Benedict did receive such a letter?" and Mag arose from her recumbent position, and stood before me, pale as a corpse, but with the light of forty avenging angels in her eyes. "I never wrote that letter!" she exclaimed. "It is a forgery from beginning to end! Nell Harris, you took care of Austin Benedict in his last hours?" And now the proud head of Margaret Hastings was buried in my lap.

"I took care of him when he was ill," I replied.

"And he loved the woman he believed to be false to the last?"

"He loved the woman—"

"Oh, Nell! Nell! what shall I do? How can I ever live, now that I know he died with that cruel impression of me?" interrupted poor Mag, giving me no opportunity to explain myself. "You took care of him—you made him comfortable—you kissed him when he was dying; and I—loved and despised, I—"

It was about time for me to insist upon being listened to; so I said, "Stop a minute, Mag darling. I did do all I could for Austin Benedict's comfort, and have kissed him a good many times; but not when he was dying, Mag; for he hasn't passed away yet, unless he has accomplished that feat to-day, and—and—"

"What in the world is all this?" said Charles, who had entered softly with his latch-key.

"Where is Austin?" I asked, in a whisper; for Mag was so still I didn't know but that she was dead.

"Here!" said the dear fellow, bounding forward. He stopped suddenly at sight of the figure at my feet. "In the name of the angels! Nell, what is this? and whom have you got there?"

One little faint cry from Mag, and she was a dead weight in Austin Benedict's arms. That was answer enough.

Such a day as that was! Between swoons, explanations, and embraces my mind got to running upon lunatic asylums; but the sun set clear, and my reason remained unobscured. There was a wedding that same evening in the same library; and in all the happiness I ever witnessed—Charles's and mine thrown in—I know I never saw such perfect, unalloyed joy as exists between Mr. and Mrs. Austin Benedict. Mag didn't give me time to get to the inkstand, so you must imagine the history of that.

TELEGRAPHIC CABLES.

The construction of a telegraphic cable is a very interesting process. The first step is making what is termed the core, or conducting agent, of copper wire. The earlier cables were generally made with one conductor of thick wire, but it was found that, to use a popular saying, this plan was the mistake of putting all the eggs into one basket. If this thick wire were to break—an accident to which it was very liable in the act of laying it—there would have been breach of continuity, the tongue which talks under the ocean would have been struck with paralysis. In order to avoid this, a strong central wire of the best copper is used, and round this a number of fine wires are twisted. By this method the fracture of the central or base wire is no longer of importance, as the small wires, even if there was a strain upon the cable, would carry the current. Indeed, we have seen cables that have been broken and dragged asunder many inches still telegraphically perfect, for this reason. The twisting of the fine wires round the central one is very similar to the making of ordinary rope. In order to insulate the conductor, thin slips of India rubber ribbon are carefully plaited over it. When the whole length has been thus plaited, in order to secure the edges the cable is passed through a tank of liquid India rubber, which cements them together. The core has now to be armored, when protection is required for deep or rough seas. This is done by laying stout iron wires longitudinally and parallel with the core; but these, again, have to be protected against the action of the salt-water, which is done by a plaiting of hemp, a coating of tar completing the process. When excessively rough or rocky shores have to be guarded against, the shore ends of the cable are protected by several additional layers of wire armor and hempen guards. When accidents happen to cables after they have been laid, the cable has to be fished up, and the fault found and spliced.

The finding of a fault in the deep ocean may appear to the reader a very difficult, nay, an impossible operation. For instance, to have to pay in the Atlantic cable, and examine it inch by inch, in order to discover possibly a mere pinhole, would seem to be a very labor of Hercules. But science is equal to the task: the electrician sitting in his room at his instrument, by means of delicate appliances, can estimate to within a mile or two the distance at which the fault is to be found. Nevertheless, every precaution is taken to prevent these ultimate appeals to science; for the lifting of a deep-sea cable is no child's play, and the cost is great; consequently every precaution is taken to secure the perfect insulation of the cable while it is being manufactured. Before one of these marvelous talking wires is accepted by the purchaser it is required to test up to a certain given point; and in order to secure this there is an artisan rejoicing under the name of the fault-finder. When this insulation is used, the liquid percha is moulded on to the conducting wire as it is passed through a die, hydraulic pressure forcing the material round it in a hard, dense pipe, which looks very like chocolate. The wire thus insulated, as it is wound off, passes through the hands of this fault-finder, whose fingers, educated by practice, feel any little air-hole that may have occurred in laying on the gutta-percha. Directly this is found, a hot iron is applied to it, and it is stopped.

THE FOUNDLING.

Nearly three thousand children born out of wedlock in a single year in the city of New York is the startling fact revealed by the statistics of the police; and this is, perhaps, an under-estimate of the number of these helpless waifs of humanity, since many, doubtless, are born into the world only to be made away with, who never fall under the notice of the authorities. What becomes of them?

Until very recently there were three ways of disposing of a child to be abandoned. 1. In a few instances, where the mother or both parents were able to follow the promptings of the heart, it was placed in charge of a nurse in a private family, and well cared for. 2. A very large number were taken to private institutions, kept by a class of immoral women, with the distinct understanding that they should not long survive. They soon died of starvation and cruel treatment, their bruised and attenuated little bodies bearing faithful and shocking testimony to the horrible barbarity of their murderers. 3. But by far the greater proportion were cast into the street to die or to be picked up, or were sent by strangers to the public charities. This class were formerly taken to an institution on Blackwell's Island, where they were hand-fed by careless and incompetent nurses. But few of these little creatures survived the first weeks of life, and scarcely one reached the first anniversary of its birth. It is stated that out of every hundred ninety-six died.

Within the last three or four years steps have been taken by the authorities and by private parties to provide better care for these abandoned children. The Commissioners of Public Charities have erected a new building for their reception, provided wet-nurses, and otherwise improved their surroundings; and the mortality, though still excessive, has sensibly diminished. The Foundling Institution established by the Roman Catholic Sisters has given shelter to many little outcasts, and is crowded to overflowing.

The most deserving of these institutions in this city is the New York Infant Asylum, founded by a truly Christian lady, the late Mrs. Richmond, and chartered by the Legislature in 1865. It is situated at No. 24 Clinton Place. Owing to the death of its founder, the affairs of the Asylum have not prospered in proportion to its deserts. The Protestant portion of the community should feel a special necessity in placing it upon a permanent basis. It is funished with a liberal charter, and is fully endowed with all the requisite powers to render it one of the most efficient charities of this city. At present there is no similar Protestant institution in New York, and the mothers of these little children, representing every religious denomination, are compelled either to enter the Asylum of the Roman Catholic Sisters, or abandon their children, and thus let them become inmates of the Randall's Island Nursery, or, finally, place them in the care of some irresponsible woman, in whose hands their lives are soon terminated by starvation and neglect. The New York Infant Asylum is under no sectarian control, but is to be under the charge of a Board of Lady Managers representing all the Protestant denominations, and of a similarly constituted Board of gentlemen, acting as trustees. It is designed for the reception and nurture of foundlings and infants abandoned by impoverished or dissolute parents, and to aid in preventing the wide-spread crime of infanticide, as well as to afford guidance and protection to the unfortunate mothers, and save them from the worst consequences of their fall. It is proposed to establish this beneficent institution on the broadest basis of practical Christian charity. A country home, with all its salubrious surroundings, will be secured, and every precaution will be taken, and every measure employed, to carry out the beneficent intentions of the charter, and to render the New York Infant Asylum a praise even among the many noble charities of the metropolis.

It is strange indeed that effort should be required to secure support for such an institution, and stranger still that many benevolent and Christian people who contribute liberally to far-away objects of charity should hesitate to assist in saving abandoned children, and in restoring the mothers to virtue and self-respect. They labor under the conviction—conscientious, no doubt—that to attempt to save foundlings would be to sanction a crime. This is a false, hard, and unchristian view. The mothers of children born out of wedlock, in the majority of instances, are at heart virtuous, the victims of cruel deception and desertion; and no one who has been brought much in contact with them, in the effort to save them, can fail to be impressed with the purity and innocence of their hearts. Institutions like the Infant Asylum, where mother and child are alike cared for, save many a young woman, who, if cast upon the street, would become the prey of those hyenas of society who are ever on the watch for victims. These institutions are also the most effectual check upon the crime of infanticide.

As is justly and forcibly stated in a recent appeal on behalf of the New York Infant Asylum, signed by a number of the leading physicians of this city, "It is an altogether mistaken opinion that mothers of illegitimate children have little natural affection for their offspring, on the contrary, they part with their children with the most marked evidences of intense sorrow. Whenever placed under such circumstances that they can nurse their children, they refuse to part with them, and will follow them into almost any institution which affords shelter and protection. The attendants upon institutions which have a reception-basket, where the mother may deposit her child unknown, but not unseen, relate daily instances of the most intense grief manifested by the mother as she is about to turn away forever from her babe, in many instances she returns repeatedly and fondles it before finally leaving. In general these foundlings have upon their persons some token by which they may hereafter be recognized. Such facts prove that these mothers are at this period extremely susceptible, and may be rescued from an impending life of crime if placed with their children under the home-like discipline of a well-ordered charity. Thus not only would the life of the child be saved, but the mother would also be saved. They prove also that the crimes of abandonment and infanticide are perpetrated only under the most aggravated state of mental and moral disturbance."

Foundlings should be the foster-children of society, the objects of our tenderest and most liberal charity. Let every happy mother who folds her little child to her breast, or watches its peaceful sleep in the cradle, look at the piteous illustration on our first page this week, and give a thought to the little abandoned waif which the policeman, making his round through the cold stormy night, has picked up from the door-step. Let her, in imagination, place her own little one out in that pitiless storm, and then let her ask her own heart for its answer to the cold question whether it is well to save the outcast! Then let her think of the poor mother, who, perhaps, is watching just round the corner to see that her baby gets no harm, and in the trembling hope that kindly hands will take it up and carry it where it may receive the warmth and food she can not give—let her put herself in that mother's place, and in the agony which she will suffer in the mere thought of doing so, she will learn the full import of the words which describe our Saviour's mission: He "came to save *that which was lost.*"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Harkness reports that ever since November 18, **Encke**'s comet has been getting steadily brighter, and its spectrum more distinct. On the evening of December 1 the spectrum consisted of three bright bands; the most refrangible one being very faint, the middle one by far the brightest, and the least refrangible one having a degree of brilliancy intermediate between that of the other two. The shape of each of these bands somewhat resembled an isosceles triangle, with its base turned toward the red end of the spectrum. In the case of the two brighter bands the light increased quite rapidly from the less refrangible edge of the band, until it attained its maximum at a point distant from that edge by about one-quarter of the whole breadth of the band, and thence it gradually faded away toward the more refrangible edge of the band. In the case of the most refrangible band, the light seemed to be of nearly equal intensity throughout its whole breadth. The positions of the two brighter bands were measured, and the resulting wave-lengths of the light, expressed in millionths of a millimeter, are approximately as follows: first band, less refrangible edge, 556, brightest part, 550.0; more refrangible edge, 534: second band, less refrangible edge, 515, brightest part, 510.9, more refrangible edge 499. The position of the faint band was estimated, and the resulting wave-lengths are, for the less refrangible edge, 458, and for the more refrangible edge, 448. At times he fancied he also saw a faint continuous spectrum, but could not satisfy himself that it really existed.

Both in appearance and wave-lengths this spectrum bears such a remarkable resemblance to that of the second comet of 1868 that Professor **Harkness** is strongly inclined to think their physical constitution must be identical. It will be remembered that the observations of Dr. **Huggins** showed that the spectrum of the latter comet was the same as that of olefiant gas.

Perhaps the strangest feature observed in connection with the spectrum of **Encke**'s comet was the progressive shifting of the point of maximum brightness in its middle band. The observed wave-lengths of the light of this point, on different nights, are approximately as follows: November 18, 501.0, November 25, 505.7; November 26, 505.9; November 27, 510.0; November 29, 510.0; December 1, 510.9; December 2, 511.9. It should be stated that while these changes were going on the band increased in breadth.

The comet was examined carefully with a double-image prism, but without finding any traces of polarization in its light.

Attention has been called in the *Weekly* to the injuries to the Florida submarine cable, supposed to have been caused either by the bites of the sea-turtles, or from some kinds of fish; and we now learn that in China a similar difficulty has been experienced in consequence of the attacks of a minute crustacean. This is so small as scarcely to be appreciable to the naked eye, but can be readily defined under the microscope. Various breaks have been satisfactorily referred to the agency of these animals, which had imbedded themselves in the gutta-percha. It has become necessary, therefore, to envelop the cables in certain localities with an external supplementary layer of metallic wire, in order to prevent injury in this manner.

After unexpected delays, the new Coast-Survey exploring vessel, the *Hassler*, left Boston on the 4th of December, bound for California *via* the Straits of Magellan. The *personnel*, which is under the scientific direction of Professor **Agassiz**, and the plans of this expedition, have already been given.

The expedition to Moab, organized by Dr. **Ginsburg**, under the auspices of the British Association, is to leave England in January. Its object is to explore the geography, antiquities, and natural history of the region, the latter department being specially in charge of Rev. H. B. **Tristram**, well known for his researches into the fauna of Palestine and the Sahara.

The Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings of London announces his intention of distributing to the working classes and poorer inhabitants of that city the surplus bedding-out plants in the London parks and in the Royal Gardens at Kew. To aid in this distribution the clergy, school committees, and others are requested to make application to the superintendents of the parks nearest their respective parishes, or to the director of the Kew Gardens; and they will receive early notice of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of distribution.

The citizens of Newville, Pennsylvania, invite those of Carlisle to co-operate with them in certain measures looking toward the stocking of the Conedogwinit Creek with black bass. In their communication on the subject they state that the expense of obtaining them from the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, and placing them in the creek, will amount to about $20 a hundred, and that the sum of $80 can be obtained for the purpose in Newville. They expect, with proper effort, to have the creek in question stocked in the course of three or four years, and thereby greatly to increase its attractions to the sportsmen of the neighborhood.

This body of water has been already well known to naturalists from the extensive bone-cave upon its banks, a few miles from Carlisle, from which many loads of fossil remains have been removed by scientific investigators. We are informed that, in the course of this examination, remains of all the vertebrate animals now known to inhabit Pennsylvania were found in great abundance, together with those of numerous species now entirely exterminated in the neighborhood, and of some others believed to be altogether extinct.

We greatly regret to find in a late number of the Panama *Star and Herald* a notice of the death of Dr. **Berthold Seemann**, well known in the history of science as a botanist and explorer. The doctor accompanied the *Herald* on its explorations to the north of Behring Straits, and published valuable papers on "Plants of the Esquimaux Land" and of Panama, collected by him. He was also for some time the editor of a leading botanical journal in London, and wrote numerous essays bearing upon his favorite branch of science.

For some years past Dr. **Seemann** has been especially interested in scientific explorations in Central America, to which region he made repeated visits, returning to England in the intervals. A very copious history of the Isthmus of Panama was published by him in the *Star and Herald*—an enterprising journal of Panama—and was to have been reproduced in book form, revised and corrected. Recently his interest has centred in the working of certain gold mines in Nicaragua, of which he was the director; and he also had the management of a large sugar estate near Panama. The full particulars in regard to Dr. **Seemann**'s death were not known to the *Star and Herald* beyond its occurrence at the Javali mines, near Chontales, in Nicaragua, on the 10th of October last.

Advices from Portland, Oregon, under date of November 17, announce the arrival of Professor O. C. **Marsh**, with his party of Yale College students, from an extended geological and paleontological exploration in the Blue Mountains and the John Day Valley. As might have been anticipated from the previous discoveries of the Rev. **Thomas Condon**, of Portland, in the same region, under much less favorable auspices, very extensive collections of fossil animals were made, which, when placed, as intended, in the museum of Yale College with those previously gathered by Professor **Marsh**, will make a series of the extinct vertebrates of North America unequaled in any other cabinet.

The last number of *Nature*, under the head of "Science in America," gives a notice of the publications of the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts, and takes occasion to pay a merited compliment to America and American institutions in expressing its opinion of the value of the works in question. In the same article a comparison is drawn between the aid and support given to science in America by the government authorities, contrasting this with the practice in England, greatly to the disparagement of the latter.

The American Museum of Natural History, established at Central Park, New York, has had a most liberal offer made to it, which we trust some of our wealthy and public-spirited citizens will aid this deserving establishment in accepting. The collection of shells of Dr. **John C. Jay**, formerly of New York, but now of Rye, is well known as one of the largest in the world; indeed, some years ago it was decidedly the finest in the United States; and although, with the lapse of years, the doctor has been less energetic in keeping it up to the present date, yet it forms a cabinet of magnificent extent, embracing, it is said, 14,000 species, 20,000 varieties, and 50,000 specimens, and costing many years of labor, and over $25,000 in money.

In addition to this, there is a library of 850 bound volumes, almost approaching completeness in its extent upon the subject of conchology. This has cost the doctor $10,000, many of the works having been purchased at a time, too, when they were cheaper than at present. The doctor now offers to sell this library to the Museum of Natural History for the sum of $10,000, and with it to present the entire collection of shells just referred to, so that the whole may go together, and form a complete section of the museum. We hope to be able to chronicle in an early number of the *Weekly* the acceptance of this munificent offer on the part of Dr. **Jay**.

The safe return of Mr. **Gwyn Jeffreys** from his visit to North America is mentioned in the English papers, with some account of his experiences, which were extremely pleasant to him. Every facility was given to him by the naturalists of this country for the examination of their collections, or those in their charge, and free permission was given him to carry back with him for study any specimens desired for that purpose. Quite fortunately this has been the means of preserving a number of them to science; since, among the collections belonging to the Smithsonian Institution and the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, as well as to the Academy of Sciences at Chicago, some of the more valuable types of the mollusca lent to Mr. **Jeffreys** had scarcely been removed from the city by him before the remainder of the collections, then in charge of Dr. **Stimpson**, were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A witness under cross-examination, who had been tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at last asked for a drink of water. "There," said the judge, "I think you'd better let that witness go now, as you have pumped him dry."

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there?
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead?
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n?
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were those?

A man having fallen into a slough, an Irishman standing by called to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, leisurely inquired, "How deep is he in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time." "No, there is not," replied the first: "I forgot to tell you he's in head-first."

"Hello, dar, you darkey, what you ax for dat old blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; guess I mout take thirty-five dollars." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five." "Well, you may have him; I won't stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade."

An exchange says, "Nobody has fallen from a balloon for a week back." It wouldn't be very good for a weak back, anyhow, if they did.

Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in a back-room. The customer seeing a saddle that suited him, he asked the price. Monkey said nothing. Customer said, "I'll give twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what's the fuss. "Fuss!" said the customer—"fuss? I bought a saddle of your son, sitting there, and when I went to take it he wouldn't let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

A wag lent a clergyman a horse, which ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for "aid in spreading the Gospel."

A Western man was too lazy to work, and his neighbors, being tired of keeping, determined to drown him. Meeting the squire, his pity was touched. "Let him alone," he said; "I'll give a load of corn to keep him alive." The victim raised his head from the 'bus: "Shelled, squire?" "No." The head dropped again: "Drive on, boys!"

A cockney tourist met with a Scotch lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go barefooted?" "Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

Chicago has had its Phil of Sheridan.

Few physicians like to prescribe anti-mony.

A suspension of pension frauds would be agreeable to the country.

An old lady, hearing somebody say that the *mails* were very irregular, said, "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

A Waiter's Civility—Sirvility.

We can remember poetry first-rate, but we can't always fasten the right poet to the right verses. Is it Montgomery who says:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
An' likewise so've I;
The reason, too, 's the same—
It comes o' gettin' dry.
But here's th' diff'rence 'twixt th' leaves an' me:
I falls more harder an' more frequentlee."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young man, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

The best Way to Raise Strawberries—With a spoon.—H. G.

A clergyman at Council Bluffs charges by weight in marrying couples, the rate being four cents a pound for the groom and two for the bride.

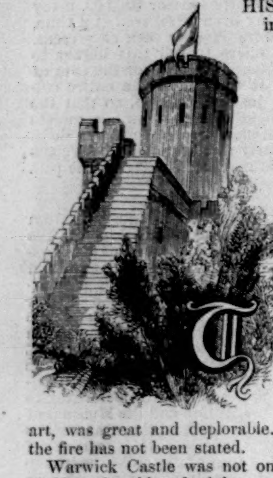
A colored gentleman, during the recent cold weather, was asked if he didn't think it was below zero. "Below zero, chile! Zero done froze up long ago, an' there's no use talkin' any mo' 'bout him."

An honest face is said to be the best frontispiece.

"Gerty, my dear," said a teacher to one of her pupils, "you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm, I couldn't help being good; I had a stiff neck," said Gerty, with perfect seriousness.

As a lawyer and a doctor were walking arm in arm a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because they are a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

WARWICK CASTLE.



THIS magnificent specimen of feudal architecture, the seat of the Earl of Warwick, in Warwickshire, England, was irreparably damaged by fire on the 4th instant. The great hall, the dining hall, and other state apartments, were completely burned; and the destruction of pictures, statuary, and other works of art, was great and deplorable. The origin of the fire has not been stated.

Warwick Castle was not only interesting in itself, as the oldest feudal structure in the world still used as a residence, but contained an invaluable collection of works of art, the loss of which can never be repaired. Our readers will take a melancholy interest in the pictures herewith presented of this magnificent structure, and in the accompanying article, written only a few months since by Mr. S. C. Hall. It is painful to reflect that such a wealth of art should have been swept away.

The Castle of Warwick occupies the summit of a steep hill, which must greatly have aided its artificial defenses in the "olden time." The present approach to it is by a narrow passage cut through the solid rock, and extending from the main entrance to the porter's lodge, fronting the road to Leamington. Passing through this lodge, the visitor, after proceeding some distance along the rocky passage, enters the outer court-yard, "where the stupendous line of fortifications breaks suddenly upon the sight in all its bold magnificence." Of the two famous towers, that of Guy is on the right, while that of Cæsar is on the left; they are connected by a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gate-way, flanked by towers, and succeeded by a second arched gate-way, with towers and battlements, "formerly defended by two port-holes, one of which still remains; before the whole is a disused moat, with an arch thrown over it at the gate-way, where was once a draw-bridge." Passing the double gate-way, the court-yard is entered. Thus seen, the castellated mansion of the most famous of the feudal barons has a tranquil and peaceful aspect; fronting it is a greensward, and the "frowning keep," which conceals all its gloomier features behind a screen of ivy and evergreen shrubs. Uninjured by time, and unaltered in appearance by modern improvements, except in being surrounded and made picturesque by trees and shrubs, it still stands, as of old, on the top of its mound. The "Bear Tower," with a flight of steps descending to a subterranean passage, leading no one knows whither, will be noticed, as also will "Guy's Tower."

From this inner court a flight of stone steps leads to the entrance to the Great Hall, which is of large size; its walls are decorated with arms and armor of various periods and descriptions, and with antlers and other appropriate objects. On one side of this hall are the state-rooms, and on the other the domestic apartments, forming a line of 333 feet in length. The hall, and indeed the whole of the interior, have been "subjected to the deleterious influence of the upholsterer," and are made gorgeous and beautiful in accordance with modern taste, while they have lost their original features and interesting characteristics. This work was, however, done some time ago, and it must remain as it is: comfort and convenience have been studied certainly; but all associations with the glory of ancient Warwick were rejected by the modern architect in his restoration of the apartments of the venerable castle. In the hall, however, there are many objects of rare interest; among others the helmet studded with brass worn by the Protector Cromwell; the suit of armor worn by Montrose; the doublet, "blood-spotted," in which Lord Broke was slain at Lichfield, in 1643; and the warder's horn. There is also here a breech-loading revolving musket, some hundreds of years old, probably, which, but for the evidence of Time, might seem a direct plagiarism on the revolver of Colonel Colt. The roof of the hall was designed by the architect Poynter.

The Red Drawing-Room contains many fine paintings and several articles of *virtu*.

The Cedar Drawing-Room is a remarkably elegant apartment, sumptuously furnished, and having a magnificent and, said to be, unique chimney-piece. In this room are many remarkably fine paintings, including "Charles I.," by Vandyck; "Circe," by Guido; the "Family of Charles I.," etc.; and some highly interesting bronzes, Etruscan vases. The main feature of—

The Gilt Drawing-Room is its superb geometric ceiling, which is richly painted and gilt—the walls being decorated in a corresponding manner. Among the paintings in this room may be noted the "Earl of Strafford," by Vandyck; "Algernon Percy," by Dodson; "Charles I.," "Henrietta Maria," and "Prince Rupert," by Vandyck; "Ignatius Loyola," by Rubens; "Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay," by Cornelius Jansen; "Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick," after Vandyck; a "Young Girl," by Murillo; "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester," and many others.

The State Bedroom. The bed and furniture in this room are said originally to have belonged to Queen Anne, and were presented to the Warwick family by King George III. The walls are hung with Brussels tapestry of the date of 1604. The bed and hangings are of crimson velvet. Over the chimney-piece is a fine full-length portrait of Queen Anne by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the room also contains other interesting paintings and ornaments.

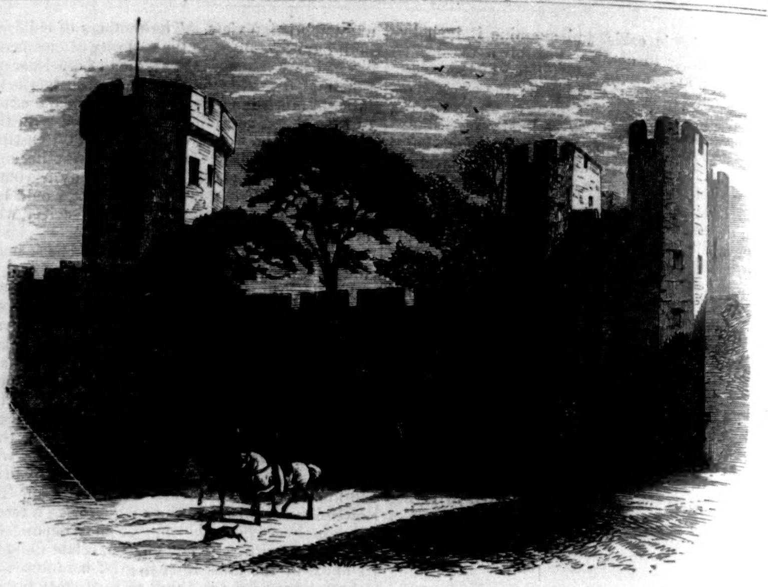
The Boudoir is a lovely little room, forming the extreme west end of the suit of rooms. The ceiling is enriched with the family crest and coronets, and there are among the paintings a portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein; of the Duchess of Cleveland, Barbara Villiers, by Lely; "A Dead Christ," by Carracci; "A Boar Hunt," by Rubens; "Martin Luther," by Holbein; "A Sketch of the Evangelists," by Rubens; and examples of Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Hayter, Vandyck, Holbein (Anne Boleyn and Mary Boleyn being especially interesting), Andrea del Sarto, etc., etc.

The Compass-Room contains many fine old paintings, and much among its articles of *virtu* that will interest the visitor. In—

The Chapel Passage, too, are highly interesting paintings; and in the Chapel are some stained glass and interesting local relics.

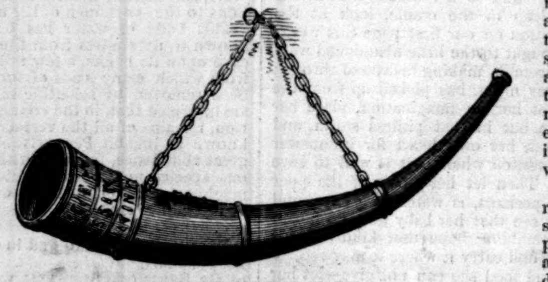
The Great Dining-Room, built by Francis, Earl of Warwick, is a noble room, decorated with some fine antique busts and paintings. Among the latter will be specially noticed portraits of "Sir Philip Sidney," considered the best in existence, and bearing in the corner the words, "The Original of Sir Philip Sidney;" "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester;" "Frederick, Prince of Wales;" "The Princess of Wales and George III. when an Infant;" and many family portraits. At the east end is the celebrated "Kenilworth Buffet," manufactured by Cookes, of Warwick, from an oak-tree on the Kenilworth estate, and representing in its panels various incidents connected with Queen Elizabeth's visit to that venerable pile, and presented to the present earl, on his marriage, by the town and county of Warwick.

The private apartments of the castle consist of a remarkably elegant suit of rooms, which are, of course, not shown to visitors. Of these, therefore, only a few words need be said. The Armory Passage and the Armory contain a rare assemblage of arms and armor of various ages and descriptions, and many antiquities and "curiosities," as well as mineralogical, geological, and other collections of great interest. In the Billiard-Room, the Oak Sitting-Room, the Earl's Room, and all the remaining apartments, are many remarkably fine paintings.



GUY'S AND THE CLOCK TOWER, FROM THE KEEP.

Throughout the state apartments, as well as the private rooms, is distributed a marvelous collection of treasures of Art—"superb garderobes, encoigneurs, cabinets, and tables of buhl and marqueterie of the most costly finish; splendid ormolu, crystal, china, and lava cups, flasks, and vases; Etruscan vases; marble and *pietra dura* tables; bronzes and busts displaying the utmost efforts of Art; costly bijouteries and rare antiques;" more especially a large collection of Limousin enamels are among the treasures which meet the eye at every turn in the interior of Warwick Castle.



THE WARDEN'S HORN.

It will be readily understood that the prospect from any of the windows is singularly beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that if the stately castle lacked all other interest, a look over these grand woods, a fair stream consecrated by the bard of Avon, richly cultivated gardens, and rare trees of prodigious size, would amply compensate the visitor.

In the grounds are many charming objects and delicious spots, concerning some of which the visitor, naturally, will desire information. Of these Cæsar's Tower is one of the most sadly interesting, from the fact that beneath it is a dark and damp dungeon, in which many a sad heart has died out in solitude. On the walls are some touching inscriptions and rude carvings done by the miserable beings who have been incarcerated there. Among these the following is specially curious:

> Maſter: Iohn: Smyth: Gvner: to: his:
> Maiestye: highnes: was: a prisner in this
> place: and: lay here from 1642 tell th
> william Sidiate rot this same
> and if my Pin had Bin beter for
> his sake i wovld have mended
> everri letter.

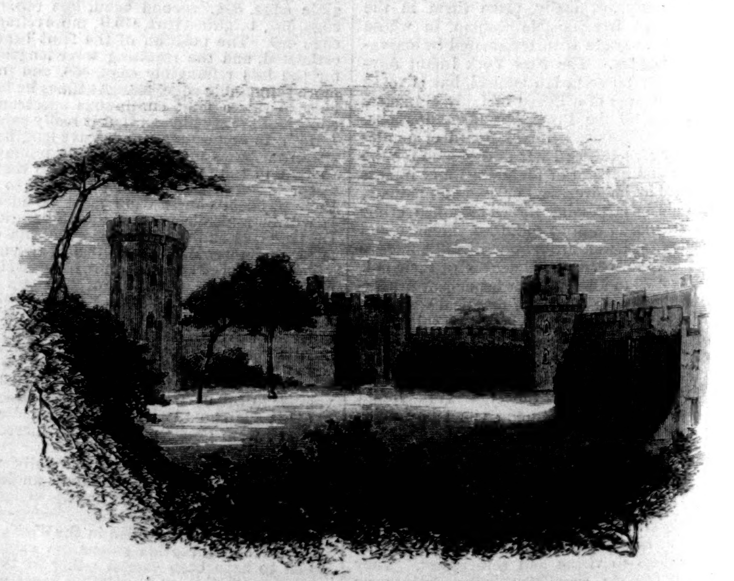
That was the last person known to have been confined in the dungeon. Besides this there are crosses, crucifixes, cross-bows, and other objects and inscriptions traceable on the walls.

Guy's Tower (to which we have before alluded, and which forms our initial letter) contains several rooms appropriated to various purposes. Its summit is reached by a flight of 133 steps—a most fatiguing ascent, but amply repaid by the magnificent panoramic view obtained from the battlements. Hence "are seen the spires of the Coventry churches, the Castle of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff, and Blacklow Hill; Grove Park, the seat of Lord Dormer; Shuckburgh and the Shropshire Hills; the Saxon Tower on the Broadway Hills; the fashionable spa of Leamington, which appears almost lying underneath the feet, and the wide extended park; while village churches, lifting up their venerable heads from amidst embowering trees, fill up a picture pleasing, grand, and interesting." In the various rooms will be noticed carvings and inscriptions which possess interest. From the Bear Court a portcullised door-way in the north wall opens to the moat, across which is a bridge leading to the pleasure-grounds and Conservatory. In this is placed one of the wonders of the "stately home"—the celebrated *Warwick Vase*, rescued from the bottom of a lake at Adrian's Villa, near Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton, from whom it was obtained by the late Earl of Warwick. It has been copied a hundred times, and its form and character are known to every reader.

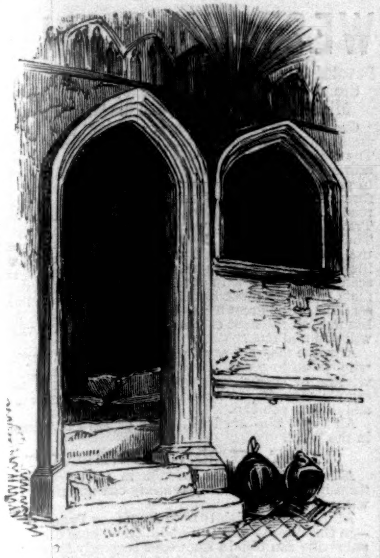
From the Conservatory, after crossing the lawn, the banks of the river are gained, and after passing the Pavilion, the visitor reaches a spot from which the immense height of the castle on its rocky base is best seen. Returning to the Hill Tower, the magnificent cedars of Lebanon and chestnuts will strike the eye; but the visitor will pass on to the top of the mount on which, in Saxon times, the stronghold of Ethelfleda was erected, and he will then find much for his mind to dwell upon.

In the Porter's Lodge are preserved a number of relics, said to have belonged to the "renowned Guy;" but as they represent so many periods, they must have appertained to "many Guys." The articles shown are "Guy's Porridge-pot;" "Guy's Sword," for taking care of which William Hoggeson, Yeoman of the Buttery, had a salary of 2*d.* a day, temp H. VIII.; parts of his armor, of which the "bascinet is of the time of Edward III.; and a breastplate partly of the fifteenth century, and partly of the time of James I.; the sword of the reign of Henry VIII.; the staff, an ancient tilting lance;" the horse armor of the fifteenth century; the "flesh fork;" and other articles, among which are his fair "Felicia's slippers," which are a pair of footed stirrup-irons of the fifteenth century. The "rib of the dun cow," and a joint of the spine of the same, as well as the tusk and blade of a wild-boar, are also shown, and are still looked upon with wonder, as belonging to veritable animals slain by Guy. There are also other "curiosities" shown in this lodge, and visitors eagerly inspect them, often as greater attractions than matters more worthy. Into the wild old legend connected

THE CASTLE, FROM THE OUTER COURT.



THE INNER COURT, FROM THE KEEP.

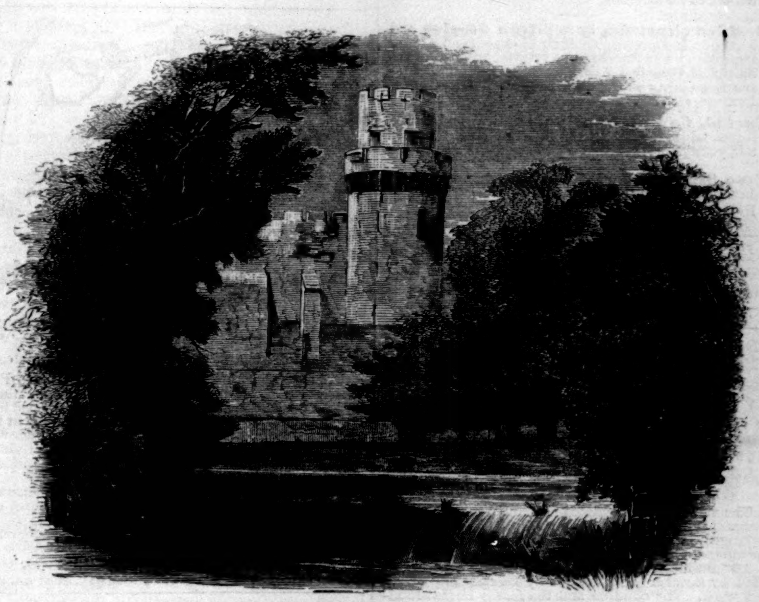


THE CONFESSIONAL.

with Guy, Earl of Warwick, it is not necessary here to enter at length. It was a popular legend in the Middle Ages, and his encounter with the Danish champion, Colbrand, as well as his victory over the dun cow, was a favorite subject of the wandering minstrel. Dugdale has given the narrative of his battle with Colbrand, which he seems inclined to believe to be true in the main features, although "the monks may have sounded out his praises hyperbolically." According to him, "in year three of King Athelstan, A.D. 826, the Danes having invaded England, cruelly wasted the countrys where they marcht, so that there was scarce a town or castle that they had not burnt or destroyed almost as far as Winchester," where the king resided, and to whom they sent a message requiring him to resign his crown to their generals, holding his power at their hands, and paying them yearly tribute for the privilege of ruling; or that the whole dispute for the kingdom be determined in a single combat by two champions for both sides. The king having chosen the latter alternative, enjoins a fast for three days, and in great anguish of heart that Guy, the famous warrior, is absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, prays Heaven for assistance. An angel appears to the king as he is on his bed, and directs him to arise early on the morrow, and take two bishops with him to the north gate of the city, and stay there "till the hour of prime," until the poor people and pilgrims arrive, among whom he must choose a champion, and the choice must fall on him who goes barefooted, with a wreath of white roses on his head. The king goes and meets the pilgrim, accosts him, and asks his championship, which he hesitates to give, excusing himself on the ground of his weakness with much travel, and exhorts him to seek fitter help. To this the king bitterly answers, "I had but one valiant knight, which was Earl of Warwick, called Guy, and he had a courageous servant, named Sir Herand de Ardene: would to God I had him here, for then should this duel be soon undertaken, and the war finished;" and as he spake these words the tears fell from his eyes. The pilgrim is moved, and ultimately consents; and after three weeks spent in prayer and preparation the battle begins. Colbrand "came so weightily harnessed that his horse could scarce carry him, and before him a cart loaded with Danish axes, great clubs with knobs of irons, squared bars of steel, lances, and iron hooks to pull his adversary to him." The giant uses a bar of steel in the combat, which lasts the whole day. Guy in the end proving victorious, and taking a farewell of the king, to whom he declares himself, goes toward Warwick, and thence to a hermit in its neighborhood, living with him till his death, and succeeding him in his cell until his own decease. The spot is still pointed out, and bears the name of Guy's Cliff.

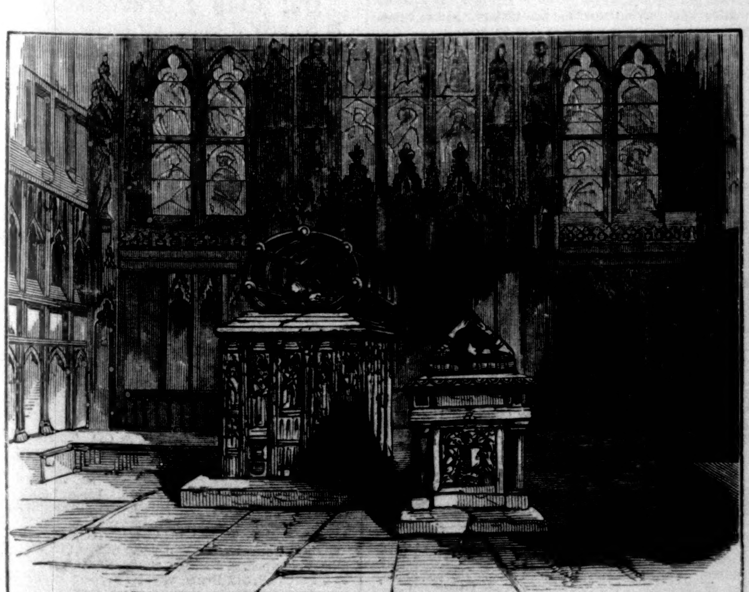
It is a pretty legend—and one to which we direct the attention of artists—that while Guy was doing penance as a hermit, his lady was mourning his absence and praying for his return at the castle. It was her daily custom to bestow alms upon the suffering, sorrowful, and needy; and dole was, among others, frequently given to the husband by the unconscious wife. He was dying at length, and then made himself known to her by the transmission of a ring. So she watched and prayed and comforted beside his death-bed, surviving him but fourteen days; and they were both buried in the cave where the poor penitent had lived and died.

But this is not the only giant story connected with the family. Their well-known crest, or cognizance, is said to come from one Morvidus, an Earl of Warwick in the days of King Arthur, "who being a man of valour, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being nog'd from it; in token whereof he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognizance." Other stories are the combat with and overcoming of the famous dun cow, the slaying of a ferocious lion, and "the greatest boar that man e'er saw," the killing of "the mighty dragon in Northumberland, that destroyed men, women, and children," and the killing of the fifteen armed knights. Such were the old fables with which our ancient family histories were obscured, or rendered romantic and wonderful to the subordinate classes.



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

Intimately connected with Warwick Castle and its former lords is the Beauchamp Chapel attached to St. Mary's Church. The chapel is one of the most exquisitely beautiful buildings remaining in England, and ought to be seen by every visitor to Warwick. It is placed on the south side of the choir of the church, from which it is entered by a descent of several steps beneath a door-way said to have been carved by a mason of Warwick in 1704, but probably being only a freshening and touching up, or restoration, of the original design. The size of the chapel is 58 feet in length, 25 in breadth, and 32 in height, and its design and finish are of the most chaste and beautiful and elaborate character. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., in accordance with the will of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439. The foundation was laid in 1443, and in 1475 the chapel was consecrated, and the body of its founder with much solemnity laid therein. It is stated to have cost £2481 4*s.* 7*d.*, an enormous sum in those days, when the value of a fat ox was only 13*s.* 4*d.*; and the contracts for some of the work are still preserved. In the chapel is the monument of the founder, which is, with only one exception, the most splendid monument of its kind in the kingdom. It is an altar tomb of Purbeck marble, bearing the recumbent effigy of the great earl, in fine latten brass, gilt. His head, uncovered, rests upon a helmet, and at his feet are a bear and a griffin. The tomb is surmounted by one of the few "hearses" that yet remain in our churches. It consists of six hoops of brass, extended by five transverse brass rods, on which formerly was hung a pall, "to keep the figure reverently from the dust." Around the tomb, in niches, are fourteen figures in "divers vestures, called weepers," friends and relatives of the deceased, who mourn his loss. Between the weepers are smaller niches, raised upon pillars, containing whole-length figures of angels holding scrolls, inscribed "Sit deo laus in gloria, defunctis misericordia." The effigy of the earl is the finest of its class, and it is a perfect figure, the armor on the back, and all the details, being as highly and carefully finished as those on the front of the figure. For this effigy in brass, William Austen was paid (exclusive of cost of workmen, carriage, etc.) £40, and the goldsmith, Bartholomew Lambespring, was paid £13 for gilding it; the "weepers" cost in brass 13*s.* 4*d.* each, and the angels 5*s.* each; and the gilding of these, and preparing them for gilding, cost also a considerable sum—the contracts being of the highest interest, and very minute in every particular.



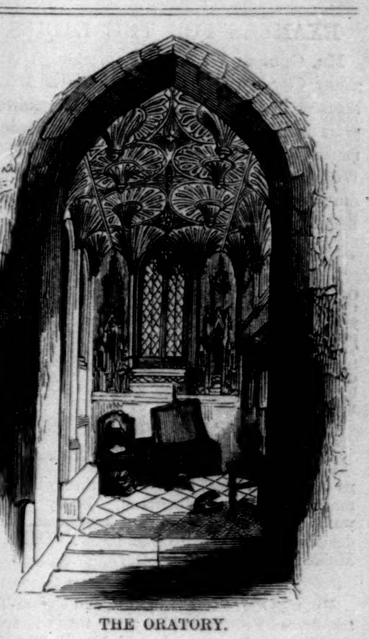
THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL—MONUMENT OF THE FOUNDER.

In the same chapel are monuments, etc., to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his Countess Lettice, 1588; to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, 1589; to Robert Dudley, Lord Denbigh, 1584; to Lady Katherine Leveson, and others.

The windows were filled with stained glass, for which the contract with John Prudde, of Westminster, is preserved; but it has undergone much change and mutilation: it still, however, especially that of the east window, is of great beauty. Adjoining the chapel is an exquisite little oratory, with a confessional near; of these we give engravings.

The Church of St. Mary is of considerable antiquity, and is mentioned in Domesday-Book. The Norman earl, Henry de Newburgh, formed the intention of uniting the endowments of St. Nicholas within the castle with St. Mary's, which was carried out by his son, whose grant of incorporation was executed in 1123. Probably the church was built about that time, as the crypt is of Norman character. In the reign of Edward III. Thomas Beauchamp ordained by his will, in 1369, that a choir should be erected; and many alterations have at one time or other been made. A great part of the church was burned down in 1694, and rebuilt at a cost of £5000, to which Queen Anne contributed £1000. In the crypt is preserved the ducking-stool.

One of the few remaining "antiques" that yet endure to the town we have selected for engraving—the East Gate; but, as will be seen, the base only can be considered ancient: it has been "transmogrified," yet is still striking and interesting. The Earl of Leicester's Hospital, founded by Robert Dudley in 1586, is a singularly beautiful and perfect specimen of the half-timber houses; it escaped the great fire that nearly destroyed the town in 1694. There are not many other ancient edifices in the venerable town.



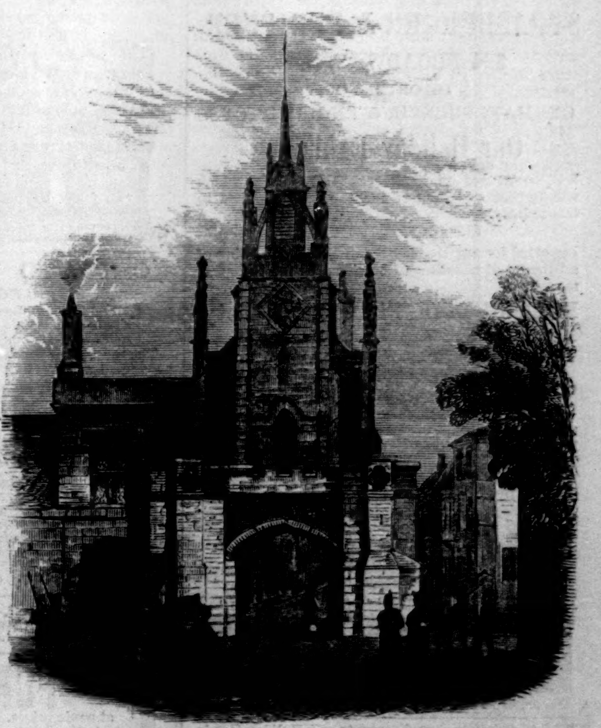
THE ORATORY.

Thus it will be readily understood that a day at Warwick supplies a rare treat, not only to the antiquary and the historian, but to the lover of Nature. The best views of the Castle (now, alas! in ruins) are obtained from the opposite side of the Avon, near a narrow stream crossed by a bridge, which is part of the main road; of the old bridge there are some remains, rendered highly picturesque by ivy and lichens that grow in profusion there, and near the old mill, the date of which is coeval with that of the Castle. Superb trees grow in the immediate grounds, huge chestnuts and gigantic cedars that have sheltered the stout earls time out of mind: the walls are gray with age; but it is a sober livery, that well suits the stronghold of the bold barons, and suggests the tranquillity of repose after the fever of battles, sieges, and deeds that can not fail to be summoned from history as one looks from the filled-up moat to the towers and battlements that still smile or frown upon the environing town they controlled or protected.

It demands but little imagination to carry the visitor of to-day back through long past centuries, from the moment we enter the picturesque yet gloomy passage cut through the rock, covered with ivy, lichens, and wild flowers in rich abundance, and pass under the portcullis that yet frowns above the porter's lodge: the whole seems so little changed by time that one might wait for the king-maker and his mighty host to issue through the gate-way, and watch the red rose or the white rose on the helmets of attendant knights; by no great stretch of fancy one might see the trembling Gaveston, the petted minion of a weak monarch, dragged forth to death: a hundred events or incidents are associated with these courts and towers, inseparably linked with British history; and it is impossible to resist a feeling of reverence approaching awe while pacing peacefully among them.

The "frowning keep," nearly hidden by the green foliage of surrounding trees, may be accepted as an emblem of the Castle, where tranquillity and peace are in the stead of fierceness and broil. Warwick, while it has lost little of its grandeur, has obtained much of grace from Time; Time which

> "Moulders into beauty many a tower,
> That when it frowned with all its battlements
> Was only terrible."



THE EAST GATE.

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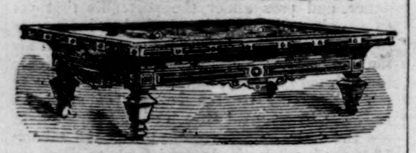

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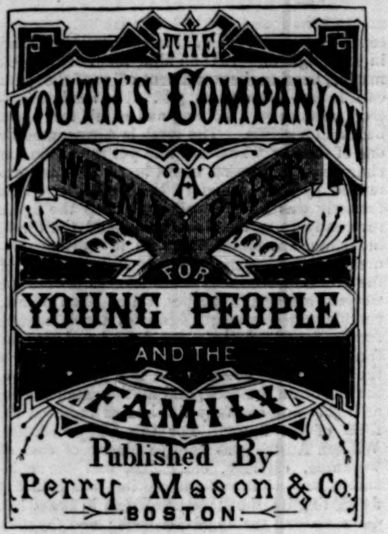

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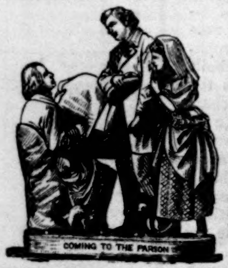

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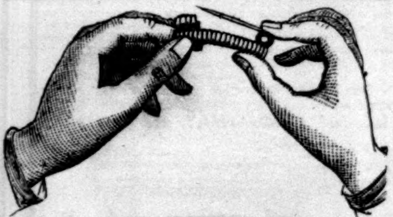

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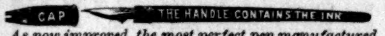
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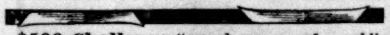

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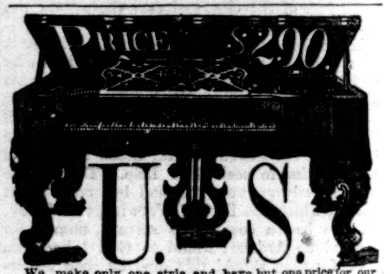

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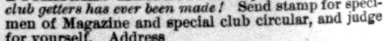

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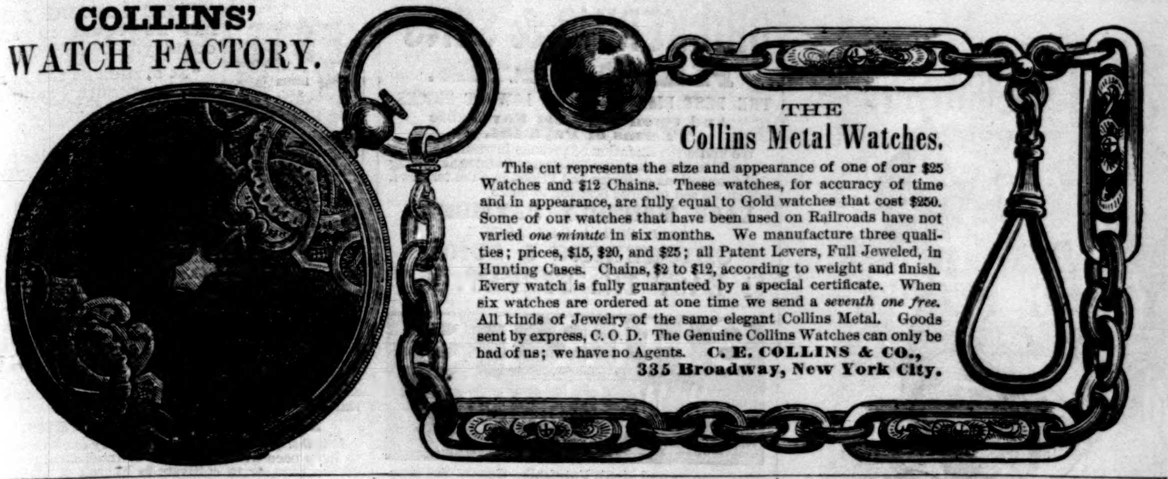

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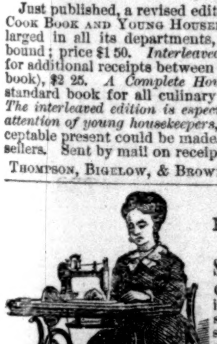

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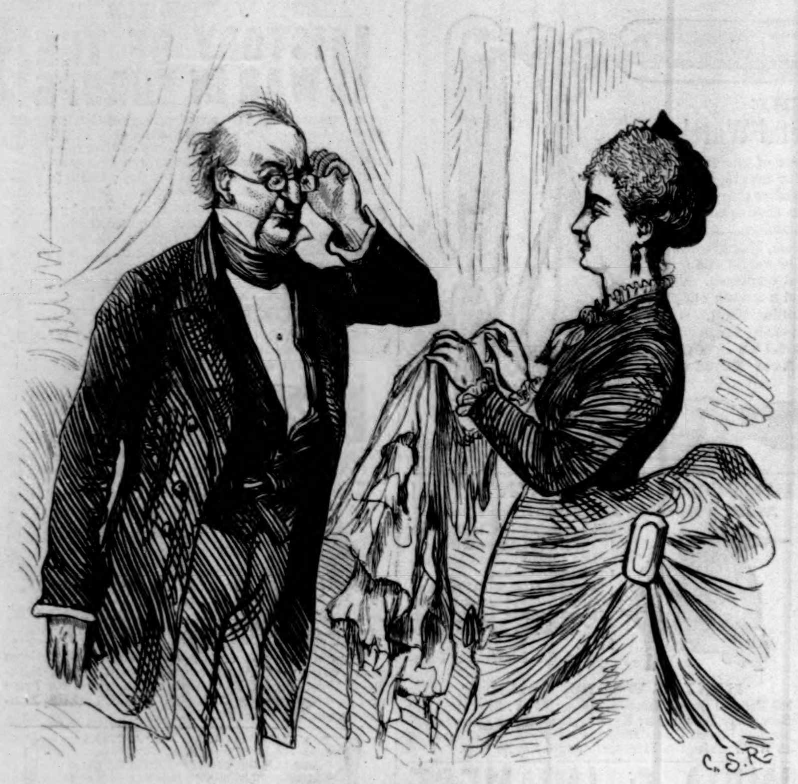

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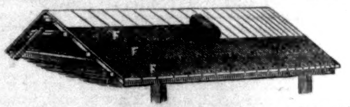

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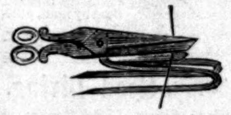

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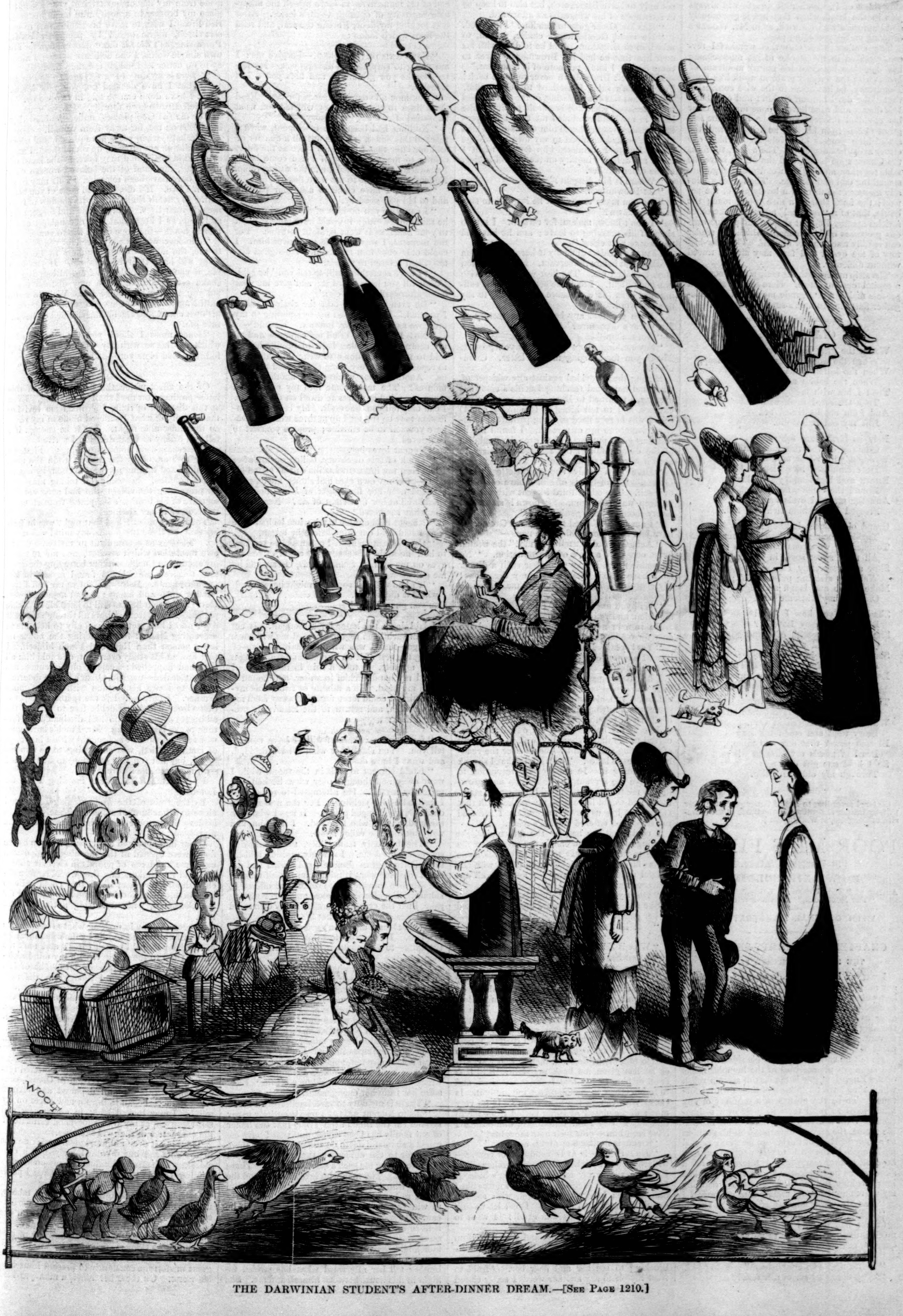


THE DARWINIAN STUDENT'S AFTER-DINNER DREAM.—[See Page 1210.]

A DARWINIAN REVERIE.

THE Darwinian theory of development has been provocative of much clever satire, both literary and pictorial; and whatever scientific men may think of it, unscientific people will always join in the laugh when they see it grotesquely and humorously caricatured, as in Mr. WOOLF'S drawing on the preceding page.

The student who sees this wonderful reverie pictured in the smoke of his meerschaum has doubtless bothered his scanty modicum of brains with the weighty problem until, like Lord Dundreary, he has come to the wise conclusion that "the devil himself couldn't find out that." His dinner and wine haven't done much to clear his muddled intellect, and as he blows the fragrant clouds from his lips, he dreamily sees the astonishing process of development which our clever artist has depicted. The oyster, the fork, the Champagne bottle, and the dishes leave the table together, and begin a wondrous change into something odd and strange. The oyster gradually assumes the form of a lovely girl of the period; the fork, that of a nice young man; the bottle, that of a "spiritual" adviser. The other articles assume different shapes, and pursue various processes of development, which the reader can readily trace out for himself. The after-history of the oyster and fork may also be traced without difficulty.

The strip underneath the main picture contains a capital touch of satire. Here the development process makes a retrograde movement, not altogether flattering to man's superior intellect.

MY OLD RED VIOLIN.

WHEN the gray light fades away,
When the wood-flames laugh and leap,
When the kitten stops her play,
When the babies are asleep—
Then I hie with happy tread
To a treasured nook within,
And from out its silken bed
Lift my old red violin.

Italy its birth-place fair;
Quaintly carved this monkish face—
Wrought with silver tendrils there,
Here embossed like Flemish lace;
Brown and black and yellow blend
Round the classic, hooded head;
And the graceful ovals bend,
Steeped in sunshine rich and red.

Grand old palaces it knew;
Thrilled their royal, jeweled throngs;
Touched by wondrous bards, who threw
All their sweet souls in its songs.
Slow and reverently I
Wake its sleeping pulse to life;
Make it sob and laugh and sigh,
Only for my winsome wife.

Shall I tell you how I found
Blithesome Bessy Loverin?
Simply by the wealth of sound
Of my old red violin:
She sang sweet in Bethel choir;
I played tender "Golden Hill;"
Rose the mournful strain yet higher,
When, lo! every voice was still.

Throbbing to no mortal pain,
Wailed the weird, reverberate string;
Waited all the church in vain,
Bessy wept and could not sing.
Blessed power that day was mine,
Pearl of pearls my bliss to win;
So I hold one gift divine
Through my old red violin.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE BROTHERS CHANGE PLACES.

I VAINLY believed I had prepared myself for any misfortune that could fall on us. The man's last words dispelled my delusion. My gloomiest forebodings had never contemplated such a disaster as had now happened. I stood petrified, thinking of Lucilla, and looking helplessly at the servant. Try as I might, I was perfectly incapable of speaking to him.

He felt no such difficulty on his side. One of the strangest peculiarities in the humbler ranks of the English people is the sort of solemn relish which they have for talking of their own misfortunes. To be the objects of a calamity of any kind, seems to raise them in their own estimations. With a dreary enjoyment of his miserable theme, the servant expatiated on his position as a man deprived of the best of masters; turned adrift again in the world to seek another service; hopeless of ever again finding himself in such a situation as he had lost. He roused me at last into speaking to him by sheer dint of irritating my nerves until I could endure him no longer.

"Has Mr. Oscar gone away alone?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, quite alone."

(What had become of Nugent? I was too much interested in Oscar to be able to put the question at that moment.)

"When did your master go?" I went on.

"Better than two hours since."

"Why didn't I hear of it before?"

"I had Mr. Oscar's orders not to tell you, ma'am, till this time in the evening."

Wretched as I was already, my spirits sank lower still when I heard that. The order given to the servant looked like a premeditated design not only to leave Dimchurch, but also to keep us in ignorance of his whereabouts afterward.

"Has Mr. Oscar gone to London?" I inquired.

"He hired Gootheridge's chaise, ma'am, to take him to Brighton. And he told me with his own lips that he had left Browndown never to come back. I know no more of it than that."

He had left Browndown never to come back! For Lucilla's sake, I declined to believe that. The servant was exaggerating, or the servant had misunderstood what had been said to him. The letter in my hand reminded me that I had perhaps needlessly questioned him on matters which his master had confided to my own knowledge only. Before I dismissed him for the night I made my deferred inquiry on the hateful subject of the other brother.

"Where is Mr. Nugent?"

"At Browndown."

"Do you mean to say that he is going to stay at Browndown?"

"I don't know, ma'am, for certain. I see no signs of his meaning to leave; and he has said nothing to that effect."

I had the greatest difficulty to keep myself from breaking out before the servant. My indignation almost choked me. The best way was to wish him good-night. I took the best way—only calling him back (as a measure of caution) to say one last word.

"Have you told any body at the rectory of Mr. Oscar's departure?" I asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Say nothing about it, then, as you go out. Thank you for bringing me the letter. Good-night."

Having thus provided against any whisper of what had happened reaching Lucilla's ears that evening, I returned to Herr Grosse to make my excuses, and to tell him (as I honestly could) that I was in sore need of being permitted to retire privately to my own room. I found my illustrious guest putting a plate over the final dish of the dinner, full of the tenderest anxiety to keep it warm on my account.

"Here is a lofely cheese-omelettes," said Grosse. "Two-thirds of him I have eaten my own self. The odder third I sweat with anxiety to keep warm for you. Sit down! sit down! Every moment he is getting cold."

"I am much obliged to you, Herr Grosse. I have just heard some miserable news—"

"Ach, Gott! don't tell it to me!" the wretch burst out, with a look of consternation. "No miserable news, I pray you, after such a dinner as I have eaten. Let me do my digestions! My goot-dear-creature, if you lofe me, let me do my digestions!"

"Will you excuse me, if I leave you to your digestion, and retire to my own room?"

He rose in a violent hurry, and opened the door for me.

"Yes! yes! From the deep bottoms of my heart I excuse you. Goot Madame Pratolungo, retire! retire!"

I had barely passed the threshold before the door was closed behind me. I heard the selfish old brute rub his hands, and chuckle over his success in shutting me and my sorrow both out of the room together.

Just as my hand was on my own door it occurred to me that I should do well to make sure of not being surprised by Lucilla over the reading of Oscar's letter. The truth is, that I shrank from reading it. In spite of my resolution to disbelieve the servant, the dread was now growing on me that the letter would confirm his statement, and would force it on me as the truth that Oscar had left us never to return. I retraced my steps, and entered Lucilla's room.

I could just see her, by the dim night-light burning in a corner to enable the surgeon or the nurse to find their way to her. She was alone in her favorite little wicker-work chair, with the doleful white bandage over her eyes—to all appearance quite content—busily knitting!

"Don't you feel lonely, Lucilla?"

She turned her head toward me, and answered in her gayest tones:

"Not in the least. I am quite happy as I am."

"Why is Zillah not with you?"

"I sent her away."

"You sent her away?"

"Yes! I couldn't enjoy myself thoroughly to-night unless I felt that I was quite alone. I have seen him, my dear—I have seen him! How could you possibly think I felt lonely? I am so inordinately happy that I am obliged to knit to keep myself quiet. If you say much more, I shall get up and dance—I know I shall! Where is Oscar? That odious Grosse—no! it is too bad to talk of the dear old man in that way, after he has given me back my sight. Still it *is* cruel of him to say that I am overexcited, and to forbid Oscar to come and see me to-night. Is Oscar with you, in the next room? Is he very much disappointed at being parted from me in this way? Say I am thinking of him—since I have seen him—with such new thoughts!"

"Oscar is not here to-night, my dear."

"No? then he is at Browndown, of course—with that poor, wretched, disfigured brother of his. I have got over my terror of Nugent's hideous face. I am even beginning (though I never liked him, as you know) to pity him, with such a dreadful complexion as that. Don't let us talk about it! Don't let us talk at all! I want to go on thinking of Oscar."

She resumed her knitting, and shut herself up luxuriously in her own happy thoughts. Knowing what I knew, it was nothing less than heart-breaking to see her and hear her. Afraid to trust myself to say another word, I softly closed the door, and charged Zillah (when her mistress rang her bell) to say for me that I was weary after the events of the day, and had gone to rest in my bedroom.

At last I was alone. At last I was at the end of my manœuvres to spare myself the miserable necessity of opening Oscar's letter. After first locking my door, I broke the seal, and read the lines which follow:

"KIND AND DEAR FRIEND,—Forgive me: I am going to surprise and distress you. My letter thanks you gratefully, and bids you a last farewell.

"Summon all your indulgence for me. Read these lines to the end: they will tell you what happened after I left the rectory.

"Nothing had been seen of Nugent, when I reached this house. It was not till a quarter of an hour later that I heard his voice at the door, calling to me, and asking if I had come back. I answered, and he joined me in the sitting-room. Nugent's first words to me were these:

"'Oscar, I have come to ask your pardon, and to bid you good-by.'

"I can give you no idea of the tone in which he said those words: it would have gone straight to your heart, as it went straight to mine. For the moment, I was not able to answer him. I could only offer him my hand. He sighed bitterly, and refused to take it.

"'I have something still to tell you,' he said. 'Wait till you have heard it; and give me your hand afterward—if you can.'

"He even refused to take the chair to which I pointed. He distressed me by standing in my presence as if he was my inferior. He said—

"No! I have need of all my calmness and all my courage. It shakes both to recall what he said to me. I sat down to write this intending to repeat to you every thing that passed between us. Another of my weaknesses! another of my failures! The tears come into my eyes again when my mind attempts to dwell on the details. I can only tell you the result. My brother's confession may be summed up in three words. Prepare yourself to be startled; prepare yourself to be grieved.

"Nugent loves her.

"Think of this discovery, falling on me after I had seen my innocent Lucilla's arms round his neck—after my own eyes had shown me how she rejoiced over her first sight of *him;* how she shuddered at her first sight of *me!* Need I tell you what I suffered? No.

"Nugent held out his hand, when he had done—as I had held out mine before he began.

"'The one atonement I can make to you and to her,' he said, 'is never to let either of you set eyes on me again. Shake hands, Oscar, and let me go.'

"If I had willed it so—so it might have ended. I willed it differently. It has ended differently. Can you guess how?"

I laid down the letter for a moment. It cut me with such keen regret—it fired me with such hot rage—that I was within a hair-breadth of tearing the rest of it up unread, and trampling it under my feet. I took a turn in the room. I dipped my handkerchief in water, and bound it round my head. In a minute or two I was myself again—I could force my mind away from my poor Lucilla, and return to the letter. It proceeded thus:

"I can write calmly of what I have next to tell you. You shall hear what I have decided, and what I have done.

"I told Nugent to wait in the room, while I went away and thought over what he had said to me by myself. He attempted to resist this. I insisted on his yielding. For the first time in our lives, we changed places. It was I who took the lead, and he who followed. I left him, and went out into the valley alone.

"The heavenly tranquillity, the comforting solitude, helped me. I saw my position and his in their true light. Before I got back I had decided (cost me what it might) on myself making the sacrifice to which my brother had offered to submit. For Lucilla's sake, and for Nugent's sake, I felt the certain assurance in my own mind that it was *my* duty, and not *his*, to go.

"Don't blame me; don't grieve for me. Read the rest. I want you to think of this with my thoughts—to feel about it as I feel at this moment.

"Bearing in mind what Nugent has confessed, and what I have myself seen, have I any right to hold Lucilla to her engagement? I am firmly persuaded that I have no right. After inspiring her with terror and disgust at the moment when her eyes first looked at me—after seeing her innocently happy in Nugent's arms—how, in God's name, can I claim her as mine? Our marriage has become an impossibility. For her own sake, I can not, I dare not, appeal to our engagement. The wreck of *my* happiness is nothing. The wreck of *her* happiness would be a crime. I absolve her from her engagement. She is free.

"There is my duty toward Lucilla—as I see it.

"As to Nugent next. I owe it entirely to my brother (at the time of the Trial) that the honor of our family has been saved, and that I have escaped a shameful death on the scaffold. Is there any limit to the obligation that he has laid on me, after doing me such a service as this? There is no limit. The man who loves Lucilla and the brother who has saved my life are one. I am bound to leave him free—I do leave him free—to win Lucilla by open and loyal means, if he can. As soon as Herr Grosse considers that she is fit to bear the disclosure, let her be told of the error into which she has fallen (through my fault), let her read these lines—purposely written to meet her eye as well as yours—and let my brother tell her afterward what has passed to-night in this house between himself and me. She loves him now, believing him to be Oscar. Will she love him still, after she has learned to know him under his own name? The answer to that question rests with Time. If it is an answer in Nugent's favor, I have already arranged to set aside from my income a sufficient yearly sum to place my brother in a position to begin his married life. I wish to leave his genius free to assert itself, untrammeled by pecuniary cares. Possessing, as I do, far more than enough for my own simple wants, I can dedicate my spare money to no better and nobler use than this.

"There is my duty toward Nugent—as I see it.

"What I have decided on, you now know. What I have done can be told in two words. I have left Browndown forever. I have gone, to live or die (as God pleases) under the blow that has fallen on me, far away from you all.

"Perhaps, when years have passed, and when their children are growing up round them, I may see Lucilla again, and may take, as the hand of my sister, the hand of the beloved woman who might once have been my wife. This may happen, if I live. If I die, you will none of you hear of it. My death shall not cast its shadow of sadness on their lives. Forgive me and forget me; and keep, as I keep, that first and noblest of all mortal hopes—the hope of the life to come.

"I inclose, when there is need for you to write to me, the address of my bankers in London. They will have their instructions. If you love me, if you pity me, abstain from attempting to shake my resolution. You may distress me—but you will never change me. Wait to write until Nugent has had the opportunity of pleading his own cause, and Lucilla has decided on her future life.

"Once more I thank you for the kindness which has borne with my weaknesses and my follies. God bless you—and good-by.

"OSCAR."

Of the effect which the first reading of this letter produced on me I shall say nothing. Even at this distance of time, I shrink from reviving the memory of what I suffered alone in my room on that miserable night. Let it be enough if I tell you briefly at what decision I arrived.

I determined on doing two things. First, on going to London by the earliest train the next morning, and finding my way to Oscar by means of his bankers. Secondly, on taking measures for preventing the villain who had accepted the sacrifice of his brother's happiness from entering the rectory in my absence.

The one comfort I had that night was in feeling that, on these two points, my mind was made up. There was a stimulant in my sense of my own resolution which strengthened me to make my excuses to Lucilla without betraying the grief that tortured me when I found myself in her presence again. Before I went to my bed I had left her quiet and happy; I had arranged with Herr Grosse that he was still to keep his excitable patient secluded from visitors all through the next day; and I had secured as an ally to help me in preventing Nugent from entering the house no less a person than Reverend Finch himself. I saw him in his study overnight, and told him all that had happened; keeping one circumstance only concealed—namely, Oscar's insane determination to share his fortune with his infamous brother. I purposely left the rector to suppose that Oscar had left Lucilla free to receive the addresses of a man who had dissipated his fortune to the last farthing. Mr. Finch's harangue, when this prospect was brought within his range of contemplation, was something to be remembered, but not (on this occasion) to be reported—in mercy to the Church.

By the train of the next morning I left for London.

By the train of the same evening I returned alone to Dimchurch, having completely failed to achieve the purpose which had taken me to the metropolis.

Oscar had appeared at the bank as soon as the doors were opened in the morning; had drawn out some hundreds of pounds in circular notes; had told the bankers that they would be furnished with an address, at which they could write to him, in due course of time: and had departed for the Continent, without leaving a trace behind him.

I spent the day in making what arrangements I could for discovering him by the usual methods of inquiry pursued in such cases; and took the return train to the country, with my mind alternating between despair when I thought of Lucilla, and anger when I thought of the twin brothers. In the first bitterness of my disappointment, I was quite as indignant with Oscar as with Nugent. With all my heart I cursed the day which had brought the one and the other to Dimchurch.

As we lengthened our distance from London, flying smoothly by the tranquil woods and fields, my mind, with time to help it, began to recover its balance. Little by little the unexpected revelation of firmness and decision in Oscar's conduct—heartily as I still deplored and blamed that conduct—began to have a new effect on my mind. I now looked back, in amazement and self-reproach, at my own superficial estimate of the characters of the twin brothers.

Thinking it over uninterruptedly, with no one in the carriage but myself, I arrived at a conclusion which strongly influenced my conduct in guiding Lucilla through the troubles and perils that were still to come.

Our physical constitutions have, as I take it, more to do with the actions which determine other people's opinions of us (as well as with the course of our own lives) than we generally suppose. A man with delicately strung nerves says and does things which often lead us to think more meanly of him than he deserves. It is his great misfortune constantly to present himself at his worst. On the other hand, a man provided with nerves vigorously constituted is provided also with a constitutional health and hardihood which express themselves brightly in his manners, and which lead to a mistaken impression that his nature is what it appears to be on the surface. Having good health, he has good spirits. Having good spirits, he wins as an agreeable companion on the persons with whom he comes in contact—although he may be hiding all the while, under an outer covering which is physically wholesome, an inner nature which is morally foul. In the last of these two typical men I saw reflected—Nugent. In the first—Oscar. All that was feeblest and poorest in Oscar's nature had shown itself on the surface in past times, to the concealment of its stronger and its nobler side. There had been something hidden in this super-sensitive man, who had shrunk under all the small trials of his life in our village, which had proved firm enough, when the greatness of the need called on it, to sustain the terrible disaster that had fallen on him. The nearer I got to the end of my journey the more certain I felt that I was only now learning (bitterly as he had disappointed me) to estimate Oscar's character at its true value. Inspired by this conviction, I began already to face our hopeless prospects boldly. As long as I had life and strength to help her, I determined that Lucilla should *not* lose the man whose best qualities I had failed to discover until he had made up his mind to turn his back on her forever.

When I reached the rectory I was informed that Mr. Finch wished to speak to me. My anxiety about Lucilla made me unwilling to submit to any delay in seeing her. I sent a message informing the rector that I would be with him in a few minutes, and ran up stairs into Lucilla's room.

"Has it been a very long day, my dear?" I asked, when our first greetings were over.

"It has been a delightful day," she answered, joyously. "Grosse took me out for a walk before he went back to London. Can you guess where our walk led us?"

A chilly sense of misgiving seized me. I drew back from her. I looked at her lovely, happy face without the slightest admiration of it—worse still, with downright distrust of it.

"Where did you go?" I asked.

"To Browndown, of course!"

An exclamation escaped me. ("Infamous Grosse!" spit out between my teeth, in my own language.) I could *not* help it. I should have died if I had repressed it—I was in such a rage.

Lucilla laughed. "There! there! It was my fault; I insisted on speaking to Oscar. As soon as I had my own way, I behaved perfectly. I never asked to have the bandage taken off; I was satisfied with only speaking to him. Dear old Grosse—he isn't half as hard on me as you and my father—was with us all the time. It has done me so much good. Don't be sulky about it, you darling Pratolungo! My 'surgeon-optic' sanctions my imprudence. I won't ask you to go with me to Browndown to-morrow; Oscar is coming to return my visit."

Those last words decided me. I had had a weary time of it since the morning; but (for me) the day was not at an end yet. I said to myself, "I will have it out with Mr. Nugent Dubourg before I go to my bed to-night!"

"Can you spare me for a little while?" I asked. "I must go to the other side of the house. Your father wishes to speak to me."

Lucilla started. "About what?" she inquired, eagerly.

"About business in London," I answered—and left her, before her curiosity could madden me (in the state I was in at that moment) with more questions.

I found the rector prepared to favor me with his usual flow of language. Fifty Mr. Finches could not have possessed themselves of my attention in the humor I was in at that moment. To the reverend gentleman's amazement, it was I who began—and not he.

"I have just left Lucilla, Mr. Finch. I know what has happened."

"Wait a minute, Madame Pratolungo! One thing is of the utmost importance to begin with. Do you thoroughly understand that *I* am, in no sense of the word, to blame—"

"Thoroughly," I interposed. "Of course they would not have gone to Browndown if you had consented to let Nugent Dubourg into the house."

"Stop!" said Mr. Finch, elevating his right hand. "My good creature, you are in a state of hysterical precipitation. I *will* be heard! I did more than refuse my consent. When the man Grosse—I insist on your composing yourself—when the man Grosse came and spoke to me about it, I did more, I say, infinitely more, than refuse my consent. You know my force of language. Don't be alarmed! I said, Sir! As pastor and parent, My Foot is down—"

"I understand, Mr. Finch. Whatever you said to Herr Grosse was quite useless; he entirely ignored your personal point of view."

"Madame Pratolungo—"

"He found Lucilla dangerously agitated by her separation from Oscar: he asserted what he calls his professional freedom of action."

"Madame Pratolungo—"

"You persisted in closing your doors to Nugent Dubourg. *He* persisted, on his side—and took Lucilla to Browndown."

Mr. Finch got on his feet, and asserted himself at the full pitch of his tremendous voice.

"Silence!" he shouted, with a smack of his open hand on the table at his side.

I didn't care. *I* shouted. *I* came down with a smack of my hand on the opposite side of the table.

"One question, Sir, before I leave you," I said. "Since your daughter went to Browndown you have had many hours at your disposal. Have you seen Mr. Nugent Dubourg?"

The Pope of Dimchurch suddenly collapsed, in full fulmination of his domestic Bulls.

"Pardon me," he replied, adopting his most elaborately polite manner. "This requires considerable explanation."

I declined to wait for considerable explanation. "You have *not* seen him?" I said.

"I have *not* seen him," echoed Mr. Finch. "My position toward Nugent Dubourg is very remarkable, Madame Pratolungo. In my parental character, I should like to wring his neck. In my clerical character, I feel it incumbent on me to pause, and write to him. You feel the responsibility? You understand the distinction?"

I understood that he was afraid. Answering him by an inclination of the head (I hate a coward!), I walked silently to the door.

Mr. Finch returned my bow with a look of helpless perplexity. "Are you going to leave me?" he inquired, blandly.

"I am going to Browndown."

If I had said that I was going to a place which the rector had frequent occasion to mention in the stronger passages of his sermons, Mr. Finch's face could hardly have shown more astonishment and alarm than it exhibited when I replied to him in those terms. He lifted his persuasive right hand; he opened his eloquent lips. Before the coming overflow of language could reach me I was out of the room, on my way to Browndown.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

IS THERE NO EXCUSE FOR HIM?

Oscar's dismissed servant (left, during the usual month of warning, to take care of the house) opened the door to me when I knocked. Although the hour was already a late one in primitive Dimchurch, the man showed no signs of surprise at seeing me.

"Is Mr. Nugent Dubourg at home?"

"Yes, ma'am." He lowered his voice, and added, "I think Mr. Nugent expected to see you to-night."

Whether he intended it or not, the servant had done me a good turn—he had put me on my guard. Nugent Dubourg understood my character better than I had understood his. He had foreseen what would happen when I heard of Lucilla's visit, on my return to the rectory, and he had, no doubt, prepared himself accordingly. I was conscious of a certain nervous trembling (I own) as I followed the servant to the sitting-room. At the moment, however, when he opened the door, this ignoble sensation left me as suddenly as it had come. I felt myself Pratolungo's widow again when I entered the room.

A reading-lamp, with its shade down, was the only light on the table. Nugent Dubourg, comfortably reposing in an easy-chair, sat by the lamp, with a cigar in his mouth and a book in his hand. He put down the book on the table as he rose to receive me. Knowing by this time what sort of man I had to deal with, I was determined not to let even the merest trifles escape me. It might have its use in helping me to understand him if I knew how he had been occupying his mind while he was expecting me to arrive. I looked at the book. It was "Rousseau's Confessions."

He advanced with his pleasant smile, and offered his hand as if nothing had happened to disturb our ordinary relations toward each other. I drew back a step, and looked at him.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked.

"I will answer that directly," I said. "Where is your brother?"

"I don't know."

"When you *do* know, Mr. Nugent Dnbourg, and when you have brought your brother back to this house, I will take your hand—not before."

He bowed resignedly, with a little satirical shrug of his shoulders, and asked if he might offer me a chair.

I took a chair for myself, and placed it so that I might be opposite to him when he resumed his seat. He checked himself in the act of sitting down, and looked toward the open window.

"Shall I throw away my cigar?" he said.

"Not on my account. I have no objection to smoking."

"Thank you." He took his chair—keeping his face in the partial obscurity cast by the shade of the lamp. After smoking for a moment he spoke again, without turning to look at me. "May I ask what your object is in honoring me with this visit?"

"I have two objects. The first is to see that you leave Dimchurch to-morrow morning. The second is to restore your brother to happiness by uniting him to his promised wife."

He looked round at me quickly. His experience of my irritable temper had not prepared him for the perfect composure of voice and manner with which I answered his question. He looked back again from me to his cigar, and knocked off the ash at the tip of it (considering with himself) before he addressed his next words to me.

"We will come to the question of my leaving Dimchurch presently," he said. "Have you received a letter from Oscar?"

"Yes."

"Have you read it?"

"I have read it."

"Then you know that we understand each other?"

"I know that your brother has sacrificed himself, and that you have taken a base advantage of the sacrifice."

He started, and looked round at me once more. I saw that something in my language or in my tone of speaking had stung him.

"You have your privilege as a lady," he said. "Don't push it too far. What Oscar has done, he has done of his own free-will."

"What Oscar has done," I rejoined, "is lamentably foolish, cruelly wrong. Still, perverted as it is, there is something generous, something noble, in the motive which has led *him*. As for your conduct in this matter, I see nothing but what is mean, nothing but what is cowardly, in the motive which has led *you*."

He started to his feet, and flung his cigar into the empty fire-place.

"Madame Pratolungo," he said, "I have not the honor of knowing any thing of your family. I can't call a woman to account for insulting me. Do you happen to have any *man* related to you, in or out of England?"

"I happen to have what will do equally well on this occasion," I replied. "I have a hearty contempt for threats of all sorts, and a steady resolution in me to say what I think."

He walked to the door, and opened it.

"I decline to give you the opportunity of saying any thing more," he rejoined. "I beg to leave you in possession of the room, and to wish you good-evening."

He opened the door. I had entered the house armed in my own mind with a last, desperate resolve, only to be communicated to him, or to any body, in the final emergency and at the eleventh hour. The time had come for saying what I had hoped with my whole heart to have left unsaid.

I rose on my side, and stopped him as he was leaving the room.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

Our double-page illustration this week suggests a story of shipwreck, suffering, and heroism. A steamer, with its precious freight of human lives, has gone ashore in the night on some rock-bound coast. Half her boats have been stove in or have broken loose before she struck; nor is there room in those that are left for a quarter of the souls on board. The only thing to be done is "to throw out anchors and wait for the day." The prospect disclosed by that breaking day has nothing reassuring. The wind has been getting up, if any thing; there is a fierce green sea running; the ship, hard jammed forward and afloat astern, is laboring frightfully. Even the composed captain shakes his head at the idea of trusting to the boats to round those iron-bound headlands opposite, half hidden in the clouds of foam; and no wonder the passengers are pale or swooning, and the seamen swearing. Already, although all are destined to be saved, they have tasted the bitterness of death. Help from the land seems to be their sole chance of escaping, and nothing with oars or steam is out in response to their appeals with blue-lights and minute-guns.

But assistance comes with breaking day. The cliffs are crowded with people ready to risk their own lives to save those of the helpless people on the steamer. A cask, to which a line is attached, is thrown overboard; it is cast ashore by the waves, and the line, seized by skillful hands, is soon stretched from ship to shore. By means of this line a stout cable is drawn ashore, and a hardy seaman or life-boatman makes his way along it through the waves, dragging with him a second line, to which is attached a strong basket. This is slung to the cable by means of a block and tackle; and then, freighted with precious life, it is dragged ashore. Imagine to yourselves the supreme agony of that moment! It is a close wrestle with the elements. The sight of the basket swinging loosely from the fore-yard, and every now and then swept by the great green waves, might well deter them. Imagine mothers watching the traject of their children, or husbands of their wives, and the long queue of expectants struggling, not for a good place in church or theatre, but for the chance of escape from a horrible death. Figure the agonizing deliberation of the process at best, and multiply the real time occupied by the frenzied impatience of those who know that the slightest freshening of the fickle wind is their death-warrant.

The mother in our illustration could not be parted from her child. They have been drawn ashore together, drenched with salt-water, chilled to insensibility, half drowned, yet still living. Kind hands will soon lift them from the basket-chair, and take them to some house on the cliff, where they will be restored to consciousness, and warmed and cheered.

The sailor's life may be monotonous, but it is a wearing monotony of hardship; and if he learns to despise death or ignore it, it is only because constant familiarity has bred contempt. The stoutest ship may succumb in mid-ocean to sheer violence. There are latitudes, like those to the south of the Horn, where the tempests break wildly loose at certain seasons, and you have to lie out in the pitchy night on frozen yards among ice-bound sails, with the vessel swaying and heeling as she groans to the successive shocks of seas rolling from the pole. Destruction there is a risk you may confidently anticipate.

The greater number of disasters at sea, like that which forms the subject of our illustration, are slips between the cup and the lip, occurring literally within sight of the coast lights. We read in the telegraphic dispatch the curt sentence, "Bark so-and-so went ashore on the blank rocks, in a dense fog." That is the simplest and safest form of casualty, and yet it has provided for the crew abundance of excitement. The master is out in his reckoning, and only learns that he has made a mistake in the lights when he hears and feels a grating, rasping tremor beneath his feet, accompanied almost simultaneously by a dull, rending crash. It is too dark to see any thing down in the gloom when they tear off the fore-hatchways; but an ominous gurgling is heard. The pumps are manned, and although the month is December, and the thermometer several degrees below freezing-point, the men find work enough to keep them warm. They do not spare themselves in their short, sharp spells, but it is quickly apparent that they are overmatched. There is nothing for it but to take to the boat; and when they have emptied her of the sack of potatoes, the cask of tar, and other odds and ends which have been stowed away in her for convenience, it is high time they themselves tumbled in. Of course the boat was never intended for any thing but harbor use, and, although the men can see little of her by the dim light of the single lantern, the individual who officiates as carpenter remembers vividly the rough-and-ready fashion in which he cobbled her when in port the other day, the worm-eaten edge of the torn plank, and the way it gaped under the blunt points of his nails. As they attempt to push off against the suction of the water, the tinder of the gunwales grinds away against the rock, while a rowlock, snapping like touch-wood, paralyzes one of the oars. It is a good nine miles' pull before they can hope to beach their boat, and an ugly current is running between them and safety, as they chance to know too well. Their frail old tub, overladen and half crippled as she is, soon begins to open at the ill-payed seams; the water rising in her bottom would chill their feet, if these were not well-nigh frost-bitten already; yet they do manage to convince themselves of its presence when they put down their numbed hands in the darkness. Of course they forgot to take any thing to bale with, so the spare hands go to work as best they can with their sou'westers. Meantime they painfully force the water-logged boat inch by inch through cross-seas and hostile currents, with nothing to tell them what progress they are making; and perhaps it is just as well it should be so. Does any one fancy that that handful of castaways does not expend in the long hours of a single night enough passion to make the fortune of a dozen novels of action, could it be expressed? Yet these are comparatively simple elements for a sea romance.

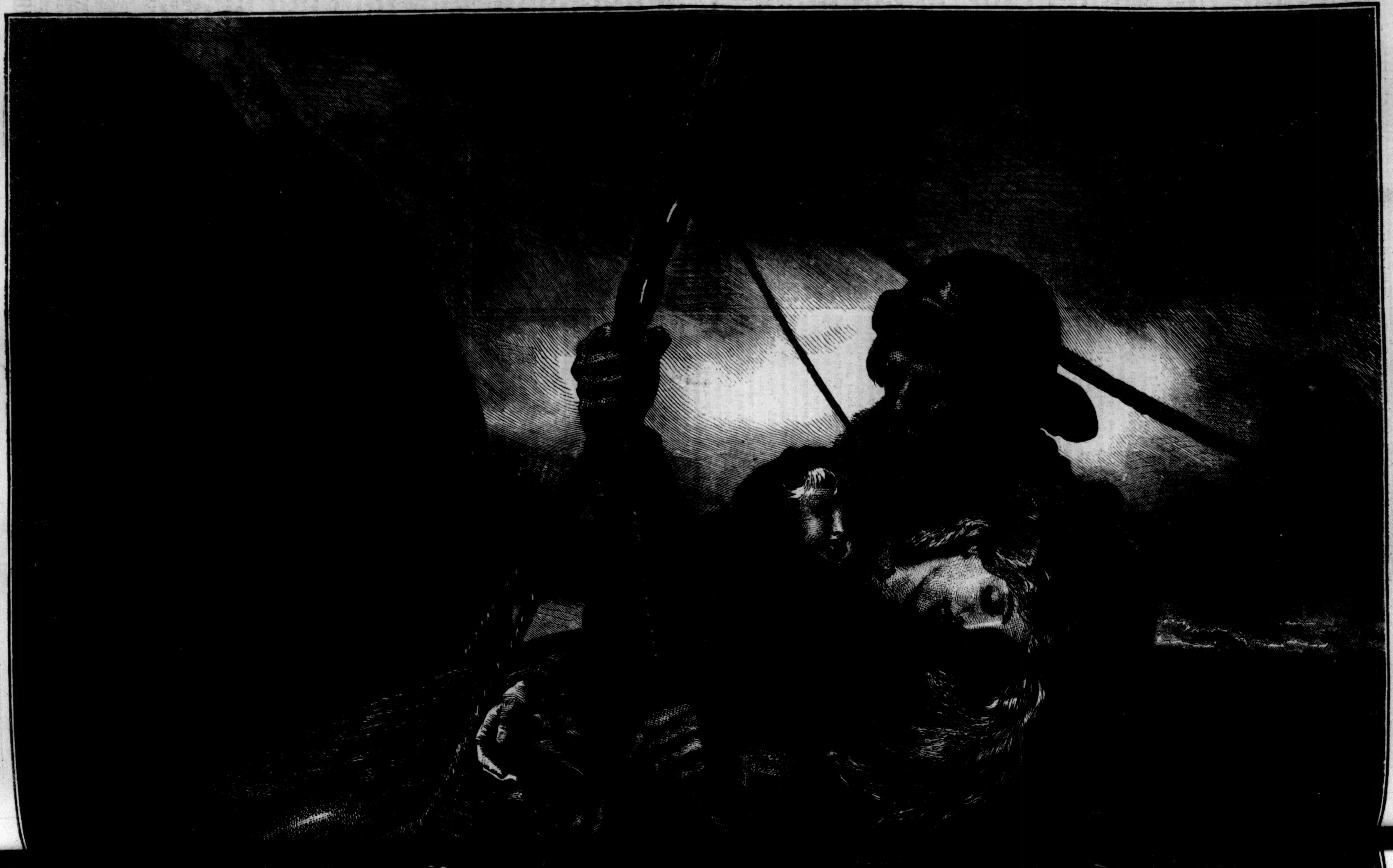
INTRENCHED CAMPS.

The experiences of the late war have taught the French the futility of their system of fortification, and the superiority of the artillery which modern science and enterprise can oppose to it. The new theory of defense is based not upon a system of forts or fortresses, but of vast intrenched camps. Rouen is accordingly to take the place of the surrendered fortress of Metz, and to become the great military establishment of France. The school of artillery will be located there, constructed for long-range guns, and a regular arsenal established. The situation of Rouen in every way marks its fitness for such a purpose. Its position on the right bank of the Seine, its proximity to the capital, from which it is only forty leagues distant, and above all the regular network of railways which surround it, give artificial advantages to a site already strongly fortified by nature. It is expected that the President of the republic will visit the place, and on his return will call upon the Chambers to vote 1,800,000 francs for the prompt carrying on of the necessary works. M. Thiers is not a man likely to neglect fortification of the capital. The line of forts that protect it will be pushed back considerably, and some important points, such as Chatillon, Hautes-Bruyeres, and Moulin-Saquot, will be fortified. It is expected that these works will render a future investment of Paris utterly impossible, and at the same time will allow of the establishment in the rear of an intrenched camp on a very large scale.

AN ANCIENT CEMETERY.

The most ancient cemetery in Paris is at present being removed and dug up at the cost of the state, and under the direction of the government authorities. Its existence dates back to a period anterior to the sixth century, and, as we might expect, the work of exhumation has disclosed objects of the most valuable antiquarian interest. The cemetery was attached to the original Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, afterward known as Ste. Geneviève, and a little book, written in the ninth century, and entitled "The Miracles of Ste. Geneviève," describes it as extending all along the road which led to the route to Sens, up to and including the territory of the Church of St. Marcel. It is at that part of the cemetery that the works are now being carried on, and the workmen have come upon a series of coffins all belonging to the Merovingian epoch. The discovery of numerous skeletons, not in coffins, confirms an interesting point of antiquity connected with the adjoining church. The Church of St. Marcel was founded by Roland Comte de Bloye, nephew of Charlemagne, and its chapter for a long time held the right of administering justice over a large part of the Faubourg St. Marcel. It had its regular officers, its procureur fiscal, its bailiff, and its register. The gibbets, the most popular attributes of justice in those days, were permanent institutions, and, in fact, remained standing there till 1674, when a royal edict removed them to the Chatelet, which had just been created. In the church was the tomb of Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, so well known as the "Maître des Sentences," and in the cemetery itself were buried many men whose names are familiar to Europe—D'Aguesseau and Du Moulin, the famous lawyers and jurisconsults; De Thou and Duchesne, the historians, and several members of the princely house of Conti; but the remains of these and other illustrious dead have been already exhumed, and were removed to the catacombs in 1794. The coffins which the workmen have discovered are in some cases of very old date—some of stone, some of composition, and some of baked clay. The ornaments upon one prove it to date from the seventh century, and the heads of the skeletons are all found turned to the east, according to the usage of the primitive church.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.—[SEE PAGE 1211.]



LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIX.

A LETTER-BAG.

LORD DANESBURY read Atlee's letter with an enjoyment not unlike the feeling an old sportsman experiences in discovering that his cover hack—an animal not worth twenty pounds—was a capital fencer; that a beast only destined to the commonest of uses should actually have qualities that recalled the steeple-chaser—that the scrubby little creature with the thin neck and the shabby quarters should have a turn of speed and a "big jump" in him—was something scarcely credible, and highly interesting.

Now political life has its handicaps like the turf, and that old jockey of many cabinets began seriously to think whether he might not lay a little money on that dark horse Joe Atlee, and make something out of him before he was better known in "the ring."

He was smarting, besides, under the annoyances of that half-clever fellow Walpole when Atlee's letter reached him, and, though the unlucky Cecil had taken ill and kept his room ever since his arrival, his Excellency had never forgiven him, nor by a word or sign showed any disposition to restore him to favor.

That he was himself overwhelmed by a correspondence, and left to deal with it almost alone, scarcely contributed to reconcile him to a youth more smarting, as he deemed it, under a recent defeat than really ill; and he pointed to the mass of papers which now littered his breakfast-table, and querulously asked his niece if that brilliant young gentleman up stairs could be induced to postpone his sorrows and copy a dispatch.

"If it be not something very difficult, or requiring very uncommon care, perhaps I could do it myself."

"So you could, Maude, but I want you too: I shall want to copy out parts of Atlee's last letter, which I wish to place before the Foreign Office Secretary. He ought to see what his protégé Brumsey is making of it. These are the idiots who get us into foreign wars, or those apologetic movements in diplomacy which are as bad as lost battles. What a contrast to Atlee!—a rare clever dog, Atlee; and so awake not only to one, but to every contingency of a case. I like that fellow: I like a fellow that stops all the earths! Your half-clever ones never do that; they only do enough to prolong the race: they don't win it. That bright relative of ours—Cecil—is one of those. Give Atlee Walpole's chances, and where would he be?"

A very faint color tinged her cheek as she listened, but did not speak.

"That's the real way to put it," continued he, more warmly. "Say to Atlee, 'You shall enter public life without any pressing need to take office for a livelihood; you shall have friends able to push you with one party, and relations and connections with the opposition, to save you from unnecessary cavil or question; you shall be well introduced socially, and have a seat in the House before—' What's his age? five-and-twenty?"

"I should say about three-and-twenty, my lord; but it is a mere guess."

"Three-and-twenty, is he? I suspect you are right—he can't be more. But what a deal the fellow has crammed for that time!—plenty of rubbish, no doubt: old dramatists and such like; but he is well up in his treaties, and there's not a speaker of eminence in the House that he can not make contradict himself out of Hansard."

"Has he any fortune?" sighed she, so lazily that it scarcely sounded as a question.

"I suppose not."

"Nor any family?"

"Brothers and sisters he may have—indeed, he is sure to have; but if you mean connections—belongings to persons of admitted station—of course he has not. The name alone might show it."

Another little sigh, fainter than before, followed, and all was still.

"Five years hence, if even so much, the plebeian name and the unknown stock will be in his favor; but we have to wade through a few dreary measures before that. I wish he was in the House: he ought to be in the House."

"Is there a vacancy?" said she, lazily.

"Two. There is Cradford, and there is that Scotch place—the something-Burg, which, of course, one of their own people will insist on."

"Couldn't he have Cradford?" asked she, with a very slight animation.

"He might—at least if Brand knew him, he'd see he was the man they wanted. I almost think I'll write a line to Brand, and send him some extracts of the last letter. I will—here goes:"

"If you'll tell me—"

"DEAR B.,—Read the inclosed, and say have you any body better than the writer for your ancient borough of Cradford? The fellow can talk, and I am sure he can speak as well as he writes. He is well up in all Irish press iniquities. Better than all, he has neither prejudices nor principles, nor, as I believe, a five-pound note in the world. He is now in Greece, but I'll have him over by telegraph if you give me encouragement.

"Tell Tycross at F. O. to send Walpole to Guatemala, and order him to his post at once. G. will have told you that I shall not go back to Ireland. The blunder of my ever seeing it was the blackest in the life of yours,

"DANESBURY."

The first letter his lordship opened gave him very little time or inclination to bestow more thought on Atlee. It was from the head of the Cabinet, and in the coldest tone imaginable. The writer directed his attention to what had occurred in the House the night before, and how impossible it was for any Government to depend on colleagues whose administration had been so palpably blundering and unwise. "Conciliation can only succeed by the good faith it inspires. Once that it leaks out you are more eager to achieve a gain than confer a benefit, you cease to conciliate, and you only cajole. Now your lordship might have apprehended that, in this especial game, the Popish priest is your master and mine—not to add that he gives an undivided attention to a subject which we have to treat as one among many, and with the relations and bearings which attach it to other questions of state.

"That you can not, with advantage to the Crown, or, indeed, to your own dignity, continue to hold your present office is clear enough; and the only question now is in what way, consistent with the safety of the Administration and respect for your lordship's high character, the relinquishment had best be made. The debate has been, on Gregory's motion, adjourned. It will be continued on Tuesday, and my colleagues opine that if your resignation was in their hands before that day certain leaders of the Opposition would consent to withdraw their motion. I am not wholly agreed with the other members of the Cabinet on this point; but, without embarrassing you with the reasons which sway my judgment, I will simply place the matter before you for your own consideration, perfectly assured, as I am, that your decision will be come to only on consideration of what you deem best for the interests of the country.

"My colleague at the Foreign Office' will write to-day or to-morrow with reference to your former post, and I only allude to it now to say the unmixed satisfaction it would give the Cabinet to find that the greatest interests of Eastern Europe were once more in the keeping of the ablest diplomatist of the age, and one of the most far-sighted of modern statesmen.

"A motion for the abolition of the Irish viceroyalty is now on the notice paper, and it will be matter for consideration whether we may not make it an open question in the Cabinet. Perhaps your lordship would favor me with such opinions on the subject as your experiences suggest.

"The extra session has wearied out every one, and we can with difficulty make a house.

"Yours sincerely, G. ANNIVEY."

The next he opened was briefer. It ran thus:

"DEAR DANESBURY,—You must go back at once to Turkey. That inscrutable idiot Brumsey has discovered another mare's-nest, and we are lucky if Gortchakoff does not call upon us for public apology. Brunow is outrageous, and demands B.'s recall. I sent off the dispatch while he was with me. Leflo Pasha is very ill, they say dying, so that you must haste back to your old friend (query: which is he?) Kulbash, if it be not too late, as Apponyi thinks.

"Yours, G."

"P.S.—Take none of your Irish suit with you to the East. The papers are sure to note the names, and attack you if you should. They shall be cared for somehow, if there be any who interest you.

"You have seen that the House was not overcivil to you on Saturday night, though A. thinks you got off well."

"Resign!" cried he, aloud, as he dashed the letter on the table. "I think I would resign! If they asked what would tempt me to go back there, I should be sorely puzzled to name it. No; not the blue ribbon itself would induce me to face that chaos once more. As to the hint about my Irish staff, it was quite unnecessary. Not very likely, Maude, we should take Walpole to finish on the Bosphorus what he has begun on the Liffey."

He turned hastily to the *Times*, and threw his eyes over the summary of the debate. It was acrimonious and sneery. The Opposition leaders, with accustomed smoothness, had made it appear that the Viceroy's Eastern experience had misled him, and that he thought "Tipperary was a pashalic!" Imbued with notions of wholesale measures of government, so applicable to Turkey, it was easy to see how the errors had affected his Irish policy. "There was," said the speaker, "somebody to be conciliated in Ireland, and some one to be hanged; and what more natural than that he should forget which, or that he should make the mistake of keeping all the flattery for the rebel and the rope for the priest!" The neatness of the illustration took with the House, and the speaker was interrupted by "much laughter." And then he went on to say that, "as with those well-known ointments or medicines, whose specific virtues lay in the enormous costliness of some of the constituents, so it must give unspeakable value to the efficacy of those healing measures for Ireland to know that the whole British Constitution was boiled down to make one of them; and every right and liberty brayed in the mortar to furnish even one dose of this precious elixir." And then there was "laughter" again.

"He ought to be more merciful to charlatans. Dogs do not eat dogs," muttered his lordship to himself, and then asked his niece to send Walpole to him.

It was some time before Walpole appeared, and when he did it was with such a wasted look and care-worn aspect as might have pleaded in his favor.

"Maude told me you wished to see me, my lord," said he, half diffidently.

"Did I? eh? Did I say so? I forget all about it. What could it be? Let us see—was it this stupid row they were making in the House? Have you read the debate?"

"No, my lord; not looked at a paper."

"Of course not; you have been too ill, too weak. Have you seen a doctor?"

"I don't care to see a doctor; they all say the same thing. I only need rest and quiet."

"Only that! Why, they are the two things nobody can get. Power can not have them, nor money buy them. The retired tradesman—I beg his pardon, the cheese-monger: he is always a cheese-monger now who represents vulgarity and bank stock—he may have his rest and quiet; but a minister must not dream of such a luxury, nor any one who serves a minister. Where's the quiet to come from, I ask you, after such a tirade of abuse as that?" And he pointed to the *Times*. "There's *Punch*, too, with a picture of me measuring out 'Danesbury's drops, to cure loyalty.' That slim youth handling the spoon is meant for *you*, Walpole."

"Perhaps so, my lord," said he, coldly.

"They haven't given you too much leg, Cecil," said the other, laughing; but Cecil scarcely relished the joke.

"I say, Piccadilly is scarcely the place for a man after that—I mean, of course, for a while," continued he. "These things are not eternal; they have their day. They had me last week traveling in Ireland on a camel; and I was made to say that 'the air of the desert always did me good!' Poor fun, was it not?"

"Very poor fun indeed!"

"And you were the boy preparing my chibouque, and I must say, devilish like."

"I did not see it, my lord."

"That's the best way: don't look at the caricatures; don't read the *Saturday Review*; never know there is any thing wrong with you; nor, if you can, that any thing disagrees with you."

"I should like the last delusion best of all," said he.

"Who would not?" cried the old lord. "The way I used to eat potted prawns at Eton, and peach jam after them, and iced guavas, and never felt better! And now every thing gives acidity."

"Just because our fathers and grandfathers would have those potted prawns you spoke of."

"No, no; you are all wrong. It's the new race—it's the new generation. They don't bear reverses. Whenever the world goes wrong with them, they talk as they feel, they lose appetite, and they fall down to a state like your—a—Walpole—like your own!"

"Well, my lord, I don't think I could be called captious for saying that the world has not gone over-well with me."

"Ah—hum. You mean— No matter. I suppose the luckiest hand is not all trumps. The thing is to score the trick: that's the point, Walpole—to score the trick!"

"Up to this I have not been so fortunate."

"Well, who knows what's coming? I have just asked the Foreign Office people to give you Guatemala: not a bad thing, as times go."

"Why, my lord, it's banishment and barbarism together. The pay is miserable. It *is* far away, and it *is* not Pall Mall, or the Rue Rivoli."

"No; not that. There is twelve hundred for salary, and something for a house, and something more for a secretary that you don't keep, and an office that you need not have. In fact, it makes more than two thousand; and for a single man, in a place where he can not be extravagant, it will suffice."

"Yes, my lord; but I was presumptuous enough to imagine a condition in which I should not be a single man, and I speculated on the possibility that another might venture to share even poverty as my companion."

"A woman wouldn't go there—at least, she ought not. It's all bush life, or something like it. Why should a woman bear that? or a man ask her to do so?"

"You seem to forget, my lord, that affections may be engaged and pledges interchanged."

"Get a bill of indemnity, therefore, to release you. Better that than wait for yellow fever to do it."

"I confess that your lordship's words give me great discouragement, and if I could possibly believe that Lady Maude was of your mind—"

"Maude! Maude! Why, you never imagined that Lady Maude would leave comfort and civilization for this bush life, with its rancheros and rattlesnakes! I confess," said he, with a bitter laugh, "I did not think either of you was bent on being Paul or Virginia."

"Have I your lordship's permission to ask her own judgment in the matter: I mean, with the assurance of its not being biased by you?"

"Freely, most freely do I give it. She is not the girl I believe her if she leaves you long in doubt. But I prejudge nothing, and I influence nothing."

"Am I to conclude, my lord, that I am sure of this appointment?"

"I almost believe I can say you are. I have asked for a reply by telegraph, and I shall probably have one to-morrow."

"You seem to have acted under the conviction that I should be glad to get this place."

"Yes; such was my conclusion. After that 'fiasco' in Ireland, you must go somewhere, for a time at least, out of the way. Now as a man can not die for half a dozen years and come back to life when people have forgotten his unpopularity, the next best thing is South America. Bogota and the Argentine Republic have whitewashed many a reputation."

"I will remember your lordship's wise words."

"Do so," said my lord, curtly, for he felt offended at the flippant tone in which the other spoke. "I don't mean to say that I'd send the writer of that letter yonder to Yucatan or Costa Rica."

"Who may the gifted writer be, my lord?"

"Atlee, Joe Atlee; the fellow you sent over here."

"Indeed!" was all that Walpole could utter.

"Just take it to your room and read it over. You will be astonished at the thing. The fellow has got to know the bearings of a whole set of new questions; and how he understands the men he has got to deal with!"

"With your leave I will do so," said he, as he took the letter and left the room.

GRACE ALLEN.

"WELL, she's a pretty birdie, and too young for William; so it is not so bad as it might have been," said Aunt Maria, gravely, to her maid. "But, mercy me! what a daft-like thing to leave a bit lassie like that to our Will to take care of! That there was an Aunt Maria at home to hold things together, and keep his house from falling about his ears, while Will was rambling about heathen parts, never entered poor Jack Allen's head; but then poor Jack—the Lord forgive me for speaking an ill word of the dead!—never had any head, so far as I know; and certainly to make my nephew, Will Magnus, guardian to a lass of sixteen was about the foolishest thing of a rare foolish life. However, we'll do the best we can for her, poor bit thing, and we can not do more; eh, Jane?"

"No, ma'am," said Jane, demurely, mentally calculating the extra trouble which the young lady just arrived would give, and wondering that her mistress had borne so patiently with what mistress and maid well knew would be an immense interruption to the method and regularity of their lives. For both Aunt Maria and Jane Crupper, her factotum, were spinsters of a certain age, and as such not naturally inclined to the companionship of a pretty girl of sixteen, who was sure, they both thought, to have less sense than folly, and to be no good in the house, take her how they would. But if old maids, both women were substantially kind and generous; so poor little Grace was bidden welcome, with a magnanimous resolve to make the best of every thing, and not to let mole-hills look too much like mountains.

Up stairs, whiles crying, whiles pondering, sat Grace Allen, poor Jack's orphaned child and William Magnus's ward. Grace had never known her mother, which was one among other reasons why the kind, soft heart of her father had yearned over her with such passionate tenderness, and why, had she been any one but Grace, she would have been spoiled ages ago. As it was, maybe she was just a shade spoiled on the outside, but then the heart of her was as pure as a bit of gold; and if she had been indulged, she had not learned to be selfish. Jack had brought her up on the principle of love, and, on the whole, his workmanship might be commended. Then she was pretty—very pretty: a fair-faced, brown-haired girl, tall for her years, with a skin like rose leaves and cream, as her old nurse used to say, and a look of wholesomeness, if not of great strength, about her; a girl of warm and steadfast affections, not passions; faithful, loyal, truthful, loving; but a creature that cried rather than stormed when things went ill, and sorrows and disappointments, which not even Jack nor Nursey could keep from her, fell on her young head.

This was one of them. She had been wretched enough six months ago, when she had lost her dear Nursey, who had been to her like a second mother; but what was even that to this other terrible grief, the loss of her good, tender father, her friend, her protector, her playmate, her beloved! No wonder that she cried, poor darling, if between whiles she pondered; and the shape her thoughts took chiefly was, "I wonder what kind of man my guardian is?" and "I wonder if I shall ever see Addy again, and if he will keep his promise and write to me?"

Addy was a young man standing in the registrar's books as Adolphus Cayley, the son of Color-Sergeant Cayley, of the regiment where poor Jack had been major. Moreover, he was Nursey's nephew: and not a gentleman. But he was a fine, handsome, gallant youth, learning now to be a civil engineer; a lad with brains and the knowledge of how to use them, and who, by the grace of natural refinement, quick perceptions, and some good fortune in early associations, had gained a quite passable amount of good-breeding, so that his manners, if not noticeably aristocratic, were by no means plebeian. And he had been much with Grace, both years ago, when they were little people playing with cowslip balls and daisy chains in the meadows, and later, when, grown girl and youth, they had not found the two ends of the village where they lived so far apart that they could not meet every day, nor the barriers of rank so insuperable that they could not learn to be friends—dear friends, such friends as a boy and girl, used to each other from childhood, and whose affections have not been diverted by interlopers, are by habit and that mysterious thing we call nature. Jack Allen had never interfered with the acquaintance. Bohemian as he was by inclination, and easy-tempered to a fault, so long as his little girl was pleased he was satisfied; and Nursey, who loved the bright, brave boy like her own—well, Nursey shut her eyes, and kept on repeating to herself, "They are only children," long after Addy, at the least, had learned enough of his own mind to know the contrary. So things had been in the past. What they would be in the future, with Aunt Maria's old-fashioned Scottish ideas about caste and maidenly dignity; with William Magnus's high notions of duty, and the care he ought to take of his dead friend's daughter; with Grace Allen's loyalty on the one side, and want of fight on the other; and with young Addy's personal pride to keep him to his point, and conventional sensitiveness to make him forbear to press that point—what they would be, with all these warring elements to perplex and distract, remained now to be seen. Meanwhile poor little Grace cried, and Aunt Maria and her maid Jane generously resolved to make the best of a bargain not wholly to their mind.

"My dear, who's your correspondent?" asked Aunt Maria, for her a trifle sternly, as, two or three weeks after her arrival at High Elm, Grace Allen's fair face flushed and dimpled with delight when the servant handed her a letter, addressed in a large, bold, well-written hand.

"Addy," replied Grace, laconically.

"Addy? but who is Addy?"

"Addy Cayley," repeated Grace.

"Two daft words don't make one wise answer," said Aunt Maria, smiling and knitting her brows at the same moment. "'Addy' first, and then 'Addy Cayley,' don't tell me much, lassie. Come, now, open out! Who and what is this Addy Cayley, who writes—eh, my heart! but he writes long letters!"

"I have not much to tell you, Aunt Maria," said Grace, demurely. "Addy Cayley is a boy I know; poor papa knew him, and Nursey, and he is with Mr. Tine, the engineer, and he's going to make railroads out in India some day, and I've known him all my life, and I can't tell you any more."

"What's his father?" asked Aunt Maria, coming to the point.

"Color-sergeant in poor papa's regiment," said Grace; and for the first time in her life she wished that Addy's father had epaulets like a major's.

"Color-sergeant! and in your poor papa's own regiment? Lassie, he's no fit companion for you," said Aunt Maria, warmly, speaking broad Scotch, as she always did when excited.

"Papa thought he was, and so did Nursey," said Grace, with a certain suggestive drawing in of her lips; a look that Aunt Maria was quick enough to read, and wise enough to not quite like, therefore not to wish to provoke too much.

"Ah, but you see, my dear, it's your guardian, and in his case I, who have you now between hands," she answered, soothingly. "Besides, what might be when you were a wee thing, is no just blate for a young lady in her teens; and I think, lassie, if you will reflect, a moment's consideration will show you that the son of a color-sergeant in your father's regiment is not just a fit friend for your father's daughter. But how came he to get such a good education?" and she turned over the envelope curiously. "How was it he didn't take to the ranks, like his father?"

"Poor papa helped him, and Nursey had some money, and another person, a Miss Mead, where his mother had been housekeeper, helped him too," said Grace; "so among them all he was sent to a good school, and now he is with Mr. Tine; for he is such a dear, clever boy," she added, innocently, "every one loves him, and every one wanted to help him. But papa and Nursey did the most; and papa liked me to be friends with him," she added, with the same drawing in of her lips, a little viciously this time.

"Well, my dear, we'll say no more about it now," said Aunt Maria, shutting her work-box with a resolute air, as if she shut up Grace and Addy and all relating to them inside it. "Your guardian is coming home next week, and we'll hear what he says. If he likes such an intimacy for his ward, well and good; he can suit himself. I don't approve of it, and so I tell you frankly; but then I am old-fashioned, and behind my day, I dare say. However, Will is master, and when he's at home I'm only mistress. Maybe you'll know the difference some day, little lassie," she added, patting the girl's flushed cheek kindly as she left the room.

"They sha'n't take me away from Addy, whatever they do," said Grace to herself; and then she sat down and answered the boy's letter, and, girl-like, told him all that had happened, with unintentional amplifications.

"I shall have to work hard," was Addy's unspoken commentary when he read her more than kind, and slightly less than exact outpour; "and I'll do it or die."

The week passed, and the day dawned the close of which was to see William Magnus, Grace Allen's guardian and Aunt Maria's nephew, once more at home to take the slack reins into his strong hands, and set those things straight which Aunt Maria's good nature for the one part, and fear of interfering in matters beyond her ultimate control for the other, used to let go crooked. There were tenants to look after, and rents to receive, and leases to renew; for Will Magnus had a supreme distrust of all professional services, and preferred to let his affairs come to a stand-still, in Aunt Maria's keeping, while he was rambling in foreign parts, to trusting them to any paid agent whatsoever. There was thus plenty for him to do at such times as he came home; and Aunt Maria was a little troubled to have this lassie and her silly affairs added to her favorite's burdens. But it had to be done, and to Will was left the task of coping with Addy Cayley.

Somehow Grace was desperately afraid of this guardian of hers. It is that way with young people when any one is held up to them as a bugbear; and Aunt Maria, being weak on all questions of authority, had the habit of putting forward her nephew as the ultima ratio impersonate, the bogie whom no one could withstand. So that when Grace was sent for in the gloaming to come down stairs and be introduced to her guardian, she entered the room with her foolish heart all in a flutter, and her cheeks with considerably more of the cream than the rose leaf in them.

"And you are poor Jack's little girl!" said a kind, frank, cheery voice; and Grace, lifting up her shy blue eyes, saw standing before her a medium-sized, not particularly handsome, but square-built, powerful-looking man, with a bronzed, genial face, and a pleasant smile, showing a row of small square teeth like ivory beneath the tawny gold of his bushy beard. Then Grace was no longer afraid. With the instinctive trust of a child, or an animal, she went straight up to her guardian, and laid both her hands on one of his broad outstretched palms. They were friends from that moment, to Aunt Maria's unfeigned surprise, and maid Jane's secret disapprobation.

"Miss Grace need not have been afraid or silly," she said, when discussing the subject in the sanctuary of the housekeeper's room, "but she might have been content with one hand, I think, and him a gentleman as she had never set eyes on before!"

If Jack Allen's daughter had studied under the cleverest and most rusée of instructresses, she could have done nothing wiser, so far as her guardian was concerned, than what she did when she frankly laid her hands on his, and claimed and accepted him as her friend. For the one besetting weakness of the strong man in whose care she had been left was that he liked to be loved, and valued trust more than any thing else in the world. He was one of those men who are what others make them: to the suspicious an enemy, to the loving and believing a hero, a protector, a friend. To Grace Allen, therefore, he was resolved to be henceforth her best and truest protector, her champion, care-taker—emphatically her friend.

William Magnus was given to making pets. Now it was a dog, now a horse; sometimes a child, sometimes a pursuit; and sometimes it was a woman. His fancies generally varied with each return home; so that Aunt Maria was not greatly surprised to see him give up all his other loves, even his pointer Fan and his bay horse Cub, for his new plaything, poor Jack Allen's daughter. He devoted himself to her. For her sake he abandoned certain savage ways which he had never been known to abandon until now. He wore a dress-coat for dinner, instead of a loose sack more like a cloak than a coat; he smoked one cigar where formerly he had smoked three; and he came into the drawing-room of an evening and talked, instead of keeping in his own peculiar den, where no one but himself ever entered. He became, indeed, almost a nuisance from the persistency with which he hung about the drawing-room; whereas, in former times, he had been more slippery than an eel, and as difficult to catch as a wild hawk. Aunt Maria noted all these changes, but said nothing. Will was master, as she had said, and she knew her own interests too well to oppose his inclinations, whatever they might have been. And then Grace was but a bit lassie yet, she argued to herself, and she had no reason to be afraid. And yet, why afraid? Will was his own master, and if he chose to fall in love with Grace and to marry her off-hand, who was there to say him nay, and why should he not? Yet somehow the prospect did not please Aunt Maria. Fine fellow, and strong and hearty, as Will was, he was forty if a day, while Grace was but sixteen yet, not even that one year riper, "sweet seventeen." And though the difference might not be very shocking now, yet it would be hereafter, when the one would be a handsome woman of thirty, in the very prime of her life and the full meridian of her beauty, and the other would be fifty-four or five, waning, if not rapidly, yet waning decidedly.

As for Grace, no prospective difficulties came to trouble her at present. She was happy, and quite content that things should go on as they were now for so long a time as—well, for as long as every one else was happy. There had been no talk of Addy, because the boy had not written to her again, and Aunt Maria had not liked to make mischief; so that possible disturbance was in present abeyance, and youth having the happy knack of trust and contentment, the girl was perfectly well satisfied with her lot as it was; and if ever she thought of the future at all, it was only as a vague dream of some very wonderful happiness in which Addy shared, and to which she gave no name. So the time passed on, and the spring melted into the summer, and the summer ripened into the autumn, and then Grace began to think that Addy's next letter was long in coming, and that she wished he would write to her again.

And her wishes bore fruit; for not long after she had begun to cry a little of nights to herself, the post brought her one day at breakfast a letter in the same broad, bold handwriting as before; and Aunt Maria's work was cut out for her.

"Aha, missy!" cried William Magnus, watching her vivid blush with an expression on his face not easy to read. And then he asked, as Aunt Maria had asked before, "Who's your correspondent?"

"Addy," answered Grace.

"Addy? And who's Addy?" laughing a little grimly.

"Addy Cayley," returned Grace, with the feeling that all this had been gone through before.

"Oh yes, Will," chimed in Aunt Maria; "that is a thing I wanted to tell you of, but I have had no opportunity until now. Do you approve of this young lad's writing to Grace?"

"I must first know all about him, and what it means," said William, with a grave look. "Come here, my little girl, and tell me who is this Addy Cayley of yours; and why does he write to you? and what does he say?"

He held out his hand, but Grace, instead of running up to him, as she would have done under any other circumstances on such an appeal, hung her head a little lower, and remained motionless. She did not want to show Addy's letter. It had been a long time coming, but now that it had come it was very sweet and very tender, and it said one or two things which, child as Grace was, she was not too young to understand; and then at the end it slid in, by way of key-note to the whole: "I think I can trust you, Grace, to believe in me, even if you have to wait a long time before I have made my fortune. But you know I shall make it some day, and I think you know, too, who it is that I would ask to share it, or, rather, who it is that I would give it all to. If you are in doubt, look in the glass, and it will tell you."

So this was what Grace did not want to show, all in a maze and tremor of trouble and delight as she was; and this was why she sat in her chair and hung down her head, instead of running up to her guardian as else she would have done.

"Will you not come to me, Grace?" asked Will, in a tone perhaps more pained than severe, but both together.

The girl rose slowly, and went forward with child-like reluctance; but though she went on this second appeal, she halted before she had got quite close to her friend. He put out his hand, and drew her up to his knee; for, with a magisterial kind of instinct, he was sitting all this time.

"Come, look up, bonny one," he said, kindly, putting his large hand under her chin, and lifting her face. "I do not like to see you so downcast as this, and for no reason. Tell me all about this Addy Cayley of yours. You are wise enough to know, little girl, that, as your guardian, I am entitled to know."

"There is nothing to tell," said Grace, part shy, part sullen.

"No? Then you must let me read his letter, that I may judge for myself."

"No, no!" cried Grace, vehemently. "I won't let you read the letter, Mr. Magnus! It is too bad of you to ask; it is too cruel, too horrible! Papa would not have done such a thing, and you shall not read it!" On which she thrust it into her pocket, and crushed it rebelliously in her hand in the depths; for indeed it seemed to her at this moment, trembling with love and virgin shame together, that it would have been worse than sacrilege to show it—it would have been gross, improper, treacherous, every thing most vile and terrible.

William Magnus was not a patient man. There had been a time when, kind and brave as he was, and frail as was his opponent, he would have taken from her by force what she refused now to his request; but a change had somehow come over him of late, and without another word, but with a curious pallor on his bronzed face, he rose from his seat and left the room, leaving Grace so far the conqueror; yet leaving her more unhappy than if she had yielded, as perhaps she ought to have done, and had given him the confidence he had claimed. And yet how could she show Addy's letter? You might as well have asked her to lay bare her heart as it beat in her bosom. She was unhappy because of her disobedience, truly, and yet she did not feel as if she ought to have been more tractable. Addy and her guardian; love and duty; fidelity and obedience. Oh, why is not the path made plainer for tender souls who would fain do right to every one all round, yet who, if they are loyal to one, must needs fail the other?

"Grace, I am surprised at you," said Aunt Maria, with vague displeasure; and she too got up and went away, not caring to venture on a question which she was dimly conscious had depths beyond her sounding.

So Grace sat down and cried, feeling as if her fairy palace had suddenly melted away, and had left her standing in the midst of ruins. And yet had not Addy said he loved her, and was she not bidden to wait? And wait she would, though she had to wait in sorrow and tribulation, and with only ruins for her soul's habitation for the rest of her life.

Meanwhile Will Magnus wandered about the garden, perplexed, disappointed, angry, and most miserable. Yes, most miserable. It seemed to him that no one in this wide world of suffering was so wretched as he was at this moment. He had known full well the truth of his own heart, but he had resolutely shut his eyes to the state of his feelings and the hostile chances of the future; and now he had to pay for his blindness. Yet she was such a child! He could not have acted differently. How could he, a man of forty, with the silver beginning to spread over his gold—how could he make love to a child not yet seventeen, and his own ward? And yet he loved her—better than his own life, better than his past, than his dignity, if not better than his honor. And she, whom all this time he had thought a mere bit of wax which he was moulding to his desire; she whom he fondly hoped he was leading, as yet unconsciously, to love him, so that when she was a woman and able to choose she would choose him of her own free-will—his child-love, his delight, his darling—she had already given her heart away; and what he thought he held safe in his own hands proved to be the mere outside appearance, no more. And now what could he do? Play the tyrant, and forbid her young lover ever to think of her again, or be magnanimous and give up his treasure to the earlier claimant? Yet why should he? She had shown no feeling for him; she must have known what he suffered; and she had placed no trust in him. And at this thought his anger began to rise. She had placed no trust in him—he who of all men prized and desired confidence. Why, then, should he show her kindness? And was it not his duty to look into this matter narrowly, and to forbid it absolutely, unconditionally, at least for the present, no matter who this young scoundrel might be? He was a scoundrel—Will Magnus made sure of that beforehand—else he would not have written to her, child as she was, without first asking permission of her guardians and care-takers. Yes, the sense of duty cleared off his perplexities: he would forbid the whole affair.

So, armed with this resolution, he turned back to the house, and entered the dining-room, as he had left it, by the window.

Here he found Grace sitting alone among the débris of the breakfast, looking, in his eyes, more like the picture of a naughty child sulking for a toy than the dignified presentment of a woman resolute to accept all manner of evil for love's sake.

"Grace," said Mr. Magnus, sternly. She looked up and read her doom. "I asked you just now to tell me who this young man is, to give me your confidence, to make me your friend; you refused; and now I ask no more. I want to know nothing; for whatever you were to tell me would not change my decision a hair-breadth. I positively, and with my whole authority, forbid any correspondence, any communication, between you and this young fellow—at least while you are under my control. So now you understand. If you disobey me, I will make you a ward in Chancery, where this precious scamp of yours will find matters even a little harder on him than I can make them. No remonstrances," as Grace was about to speak. "You had your opportunity; you neglected it; and now you must abide by your own choice of action. Mine is made; and nothing that you could say will alter my decision."

Saying which he again left the room; and before the evening had come he had left the house for two years' travel in the wilds of Abyssinia, giving Aunt Maria strict orders what to do and what to forbid should Grace prove disobedient or young Addy Cayley troublesome.

But Grace was a good girl in her own way. If she was rebellious in her fidelity, she was not disobedient in act; and as her guardian had forbidden her to write, so that she was unable to do so openly, she scorned to have recourse to any mean deception; so simply held on and trusted, and hoped that Addy would hold on and trust too. But it was weary work; and by the time the winter had fairly come the suspense and sorrow in which she lived had begun to tell upon her sadly, and the rose leaves were fast fading from her face, leaving her so pinched, pale, distressed, that Aunt Maria's kind heart bled for her, and she even ventured once on a half-hesitating petition to her nephew for leave to relax the severity of her jailership.

With poor Addy the case was almost as bad. No reply coming to his letter, he tortured himself with fears that Grace had taken it ill, held it presumptuous, and by her silence wished him to understand that he had no chance, no hope. The fever into which his perplexity threw him nearly cost the poor lad his life; but he rallied again after a severe fight, and turned to his work again, resolute if sad, with no cowardly despair or despondency; for if hope and love and poetry were gone, he had at least work, fame, and ambition still left.

Meanwhile Grace faded steadily away, till by the spring-time she looked more like dying than living. But she never complained. She simply wept and fretted, and could not eat, and grew weaker and thinner and paler; but she did not disobey her guardian's commands, and she did not cease to love and long for Addy.

Suddenly Will Magnus came home; no one knew why, and even he himself would have been troubled to give a reason intelligible to any one. But impelled by the restless dissatisfaction that had taken possession of him ever since his outbreak with Grace, he came back one day, as if he had dropped from the skies, and nearly killed his fragile ward by the suddenness of his arrival. She was lying on the sofa, drawn up in the bay of the window, half dozing from mere weakness, when all at once she became conscious of some one looking at her. She opened her large blue eyes with a start and a cry; and the next instant was lying in a dead faint in her guardian's arms, who, for a long time, sobbing bitterly, strong man as he was, hung over what he thought to be the corpse of the sweet child he had killed. But she was restored before it was too late; and, after infinite pains and difficulty, once more looked out into the glad life of earth.

Will was kneeling by her, holding her hands in his, when she finally recovered; careless of what Aunt Maria, of what Jane the maid, of what the doctor might think, kissing those pale, wasted little fingers, while his hot tears fell over them. Grace opened her eyes upon him. Feebly raising herself from the pillow, she slid one arm round his neck, and caressingly laid her cheek on his.

"Guardy dear," she whispered, putting up her other hand to his face, "send Addy to me. Let me see him again! Oh, let me see him again!" and then she fell back and fainted again.

But she had conquered. It was a struggle and a pain; but then life itself is but a struggle and a pain all through! Will felt the innocent ingratitude of the girl, perhaps, more than any thing else. Here was he breaking his heart over her, and the first use she made of her restored life was to beseech him for his rival. However, it had to be done. It was not in him to resist such an appeal, made so tenderly, so confidingly, with such an abandonment of self-restraint, such child-like trust in his goodness, appealing from him to himself. It had to be done, and it was done; and when the two young people were honestly and openly engaged—for all that Addy was but the son of a color-sergeant—then Will Magnus again, and for the last time, left home.

Not many months after, the consul at Zanzibar wrote to Aunt Maria a sad, if brief, account of how her nephew had died of fever almost immediately on his arrival in the country; and how, with his last breath, he had sent his love to "Grace Allen," and his dying prayers for her happiness.

So the strong bore the burden, that the weaker might be spared; and the man went down in the noonday of his power, that the younger lives might blossom and brighten in his stead.